

THE ROOSEVELT THAT I KNOW



And
Recollections
of the
Most Famous
American
Fighting Men



MIKE
DONOVAN



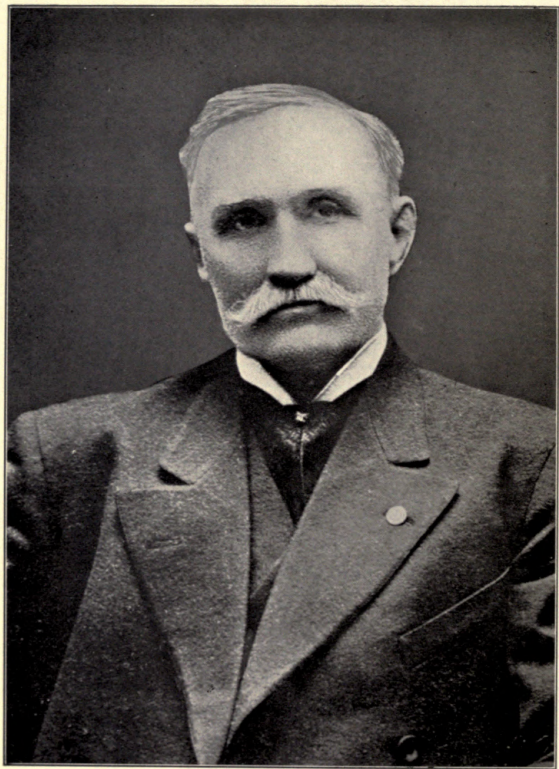
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MIKE DONOVAN AS HE IS TO-DAY

THE ROOSEVELT THAT I KNOW

TEN YEARS OF BOXING WITH THE
PRESIDENT—AND OTHER MEMO-
RIES OF FAMOUS FIGHTING MEN

BY MIKE DONOVAN

EX-CHAMPION MIDDLEWEIGHT OF AMERICA AND
BOXING-MASTER OF THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

[EDITED BY F. H. N.]

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

Mike Donovan's ring record is one that any champion, including the greatest of modern times, might be proud of, for it includes bruising battles with men of the foremost ring positions. His encounters with John L. Sullivan, Walter Watson, McClellan, George Rooke and Jack Dempsey were of the most astonishing character, and his match with Jack Dempsey, then the phenomenal champion, caused quite a commotion among the swell set in the East, for the "old man," as Mike Donovan was called, simply astonished them by besting the crack champion, who was quite a young man in comparison with his rival. This engagement with Dempsey was the crowning feather in the professor's scientific fighting cap, and the members of the New York Athletic Club, who, almost to

a man, witnessed the great battle, were amazed at the wonderful stamina and science that their teacher displayed against the Nonpareil of the American prize ring.—New York Herald.

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THE ROOSEVELT THAT I KNOW

THE ROOSEVELT THAT I KNOW

CHAPTER I

THE ROOSEVELT THAT I KNOW

ALL the world knows Theodore Roosevelt, the statesman; the man who turned the light on the corporate highwaymen.

He has made the "Big Stick" respected.

But the "Big Stick" must be guided by law, not so the fist; wherever you see a head hit it is the fighting rule; a word and a blow, but the blow first—the reverse of legal practice.

In the following pages I propose to describe Theodore Roosevelt, the fighter, untrammelled by legal restriction; the lover of fistic encounter, as I know him; the man of brawn and muscle,

with a genuine fighting spirit and the courage of two ordinary men to sustain its promise. I intend further to describe his methods of attack and defense, and to note the analogy between the spirit he exhibits in boxing and that which has urged him on in those political encounters which have made him famous.

A succession of glove-fights with him, covering a period of more than ten years, in which we have met as man to man, where it was give and take, with no restrictions, gives me the right to speak authoritatively, and I wish to say here that, whether or not he was champion of his class in college, about which there has been some discussion in the press, it is admitted that he was an able fighting man then, ready to take his medicine and try again. I can say that he is the same man now—a man who asks no favors, cool in a fight, determined, aggressive, consumed with the purpose to overcome resistance, to win; a glutton for punishment, as the ring phrase goes. It is no exaggeration when

I say that, in some mix-ups with him, I have been compelled to resort to all the arts and devices that have come to me from years of serious fighting, often to slug right and left to save myself.

I have noted his career in politics, seen him go for the mark there with the same pertinacity that he shows when boxing. Resistance, discomfiture, hard knocks in one domain as in the other serve only to make him keener, to whet his appetite for the fray. Had he come to the prize-ring, instead of to the political arena, it is my conviction he would have been successful. The man is a born fighter; it's in his blood.

There are some who are easily diverted from their purpose, some who go impetuously forward with dash and spirit which will not be denied, but once the attack seems hopeless they hesitate and fly panic-stricken in hopeless disorder. A few only remain; these, with conviction imbedded in their very souls, cannot be stayed, even though they themselves would will

it. They go tumultuously forward, even to the death.

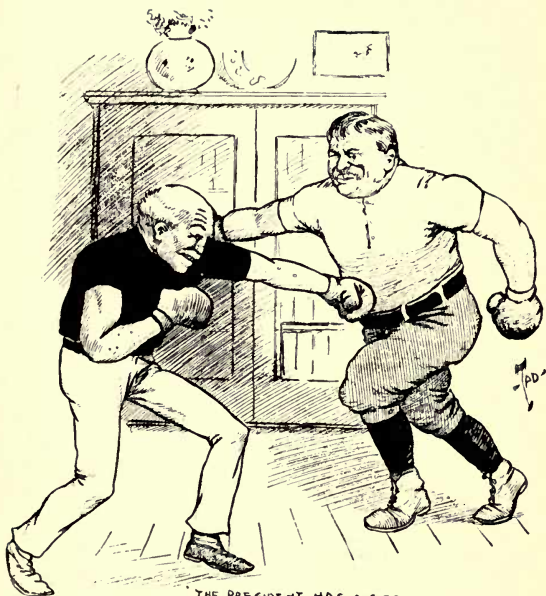
Theodore Roosevelt is of them.

He reminds one of the biblical general who, his men faint-hearted, wavering, at sight of the overpowering on-rush of Philistines, faced the tide undaunted, so firm was his purpose that he furiously laid about him till the last.

Even in death, the Bible tells us: "His sword clave to his hand." That is to say, the hilt of his sword was found to be imbedded in his palm, a sure indication that he never wavered from his purpose of attack.

I have a vivid recollection of my first fistic encounter with Theodore Roosevelt. The Governor left me in the old billiard-room of the Executive Mansion at Albany, which he had fitted up as a gymnasium for his boys, in order that they might begin their physical education under his eye.

He then went downstairs to don his boxing clothes.



THE PRESIDENT HAS A GOOD RIGHT
SAYS PROF DONOVAN AND WHEN IT
LANDED ON MY EAR I THOUGHT
JOHN L. HAD COME BACK TO
LIFE AND SWATTED ME.

In a few minutes he returned.

It was the Governor of the State of New York who had left me. It was a fighting man who entered the room. He wore a sleeveless flannel shirt, his khaki Rough-rider uniform trousers and light canvas shoes without heels. First, I was struck by the expression of his eyes, which are large, light blue, placed well apart, aggressive, fearless, persistent. He is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, but his great breadth of shoulders and bulk of body make him seem shorter. His arms are short, but heavy and well-muscled. His head is that of the typical fighter. It is broad and symmetrical, poised on a powerful neck. A plumb-line could be dropped from the back of his head to his waist. That formation shows not only the fighting spirit, but the physical vigor to sustain it. His short, thick body, with its high, arched chest, is sturdily set on unusually strong, sinewy legs.

I noticed he wore no belt, and told him he had better put one on,

.

He borrowed one from my brother Jerry. After pulling on his gloves he stepped forward on to the mat. Most men, on coming to box for the first time with a champion, present or retired, show some trepidation. There was none of that here.

After we shook hands I studied him carefully. Then I led a left jab, following it up with a faint-hearted right that landed like a love-tap high up on his cheek.

He dropped his hands and stopped.

"Look here, Mike," he said indignantly; "that is not fair."

I was afraid I had done something wrong. "What's the matter, Governor?" I asked.

"You are not hitting me," he said, shaking his head. "I'd like you to hit out."

"All right, Governor," I said, thinking to myself, this man has a pretty good opinion of himself.

We started in again, and I sent in a hard right to the body as he rushed in, and then tried

a swinging left for the jaw. He stepped inside and drove his right to my ear.

It jarred me down to the heels.

I realized from that moment that the Governor was no ordinary amateur. If I took chances with him I was endangering my reputation.

From that day I have taken no chances with Theodore Roosevelt with the gloves.

I've hit him many times as hard as ever I hit a fighter in the ring, without stopping him, and thousands know how hard I can hit.

I want to say, now, that I never saw him wince or show even by an involuntary sign that he was discomfited in spirit, no matter how severe the bodily pain. On the contrary, it met with only that characteristic turning of the head a bit to the side, a grim smile and a determined setting of the bulldog jaw, followed by another rush.

Theodore Roosevelt is a strong, tough man; hard to hurt, and harder to stop.

From the very first I was struck with the kindly nature of the man. Though pressed with business as he always was, his mind full of problems, with a crowd of importunate office-seekers and would-be advisers forever at his heels, he hailed my appearance with genuine delight, and always found time to inquire after my doings and welfare. Sometimes I thought it was the getting away from the exactions of office, the temporary respite from official cares that my coming signaled, that made me so welcome; again, that diplomatic intrigue, the wrangling of officials, intemperate attacks of the opposing party, all of which must be settled with words, mere words, stirred his impatient blood to the boiling point. A box on the ear here, a smash in the wind there, I could readily guess, would have suited his impulsive nature far better. In most of his affairs it is the diplomatic "Having the honor to be"—but never doing anything. He must hit somebody, hit him hard, and I thought I turned up opportunely to get what was coming to somebody else.

This was my first impression. A mistaken one as I soon learned. However he might have settled political discussions in the ring, or let rivals for a post-office wrestle it out—best two out of three falls to get the job—it was never in his mind to hand out to me the punishment that was theirs. He had come to like me, because he found me an authority in a domain that particularly interested him, because I represented the straightforward method of the real fighting man, who fights because he loves to fight and brings no hard feelings, no animosity into the game.

Many's the time I have been passed through a throng of waiting politicians of high rank, often enough summoned by the sudden bobbing around a door of the President's head, with a:

“Hello, Mike; come right in!”

It seemed to me that though immersed in political conflicts, that kind of fighting never sufficed to warm his blood, for I never saw a man more willing to take a good jolt just for the pleasure of giving one back.

One day while I was waiting in the office for my turn to see the President, I witnessed an incident which proved the truth of my belief that under his rugged, aggressive exterior there lay a vein of kindness and sympathy.

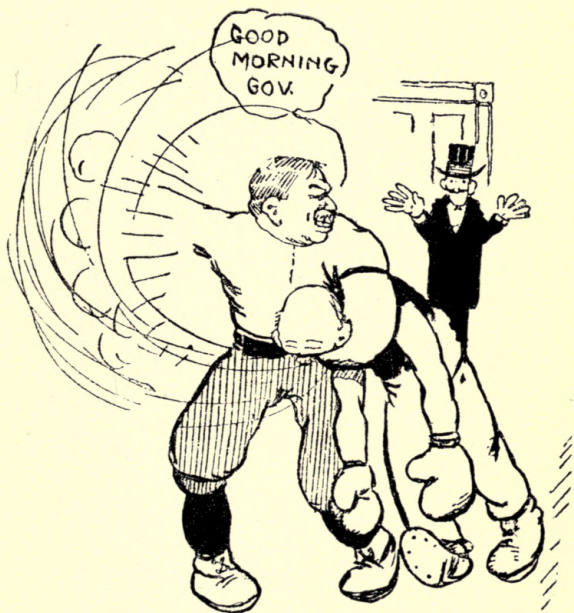
The last of the long line of visitors was a woman accompanied by a young girl apparently her daughter, who had been introduced to the President by a man whom I took to be the Congressman from their home. She was importuning the President for a favor which, for some reason, he was unable to grant.

The thought flashed through my mind that this woman was trying to get a pardon for her son—perhaps a deserter. The President listened attentively, then shook his head emphatically.

“I’m sorry, madam,” he said, “but I can’t do it.”

“But, Mr. President,” she urged, “won’t you——”

“Madam,” he replied, stepping back as she



ROUND II

came toward him, "I can't do it. I *cannot* do it."

As she turned away, very sorrowful, he came toward me. His eyes were sad. The corners of his mouth drooped. His face was flushed deep red. The veins on his neck stood out. He was a picture of distress.

The incident proved the truth of the old rule that a man cannot be a good fighter unless he has a good heart.

The first time I was invited to the White House to box with the President was in January, 1904. I found him the same enthusiastic, simply democratic, kindly man I had boxed with four years earlier at Albany.

I have learned, in my association with the President, though it has been confined solely to sparring bouts, that the really great are never pompous; but, on the contrary, simple and sincere.

Though he has a quiet dignity that brooks no familiarity, the genuineness of the man, his di-

rectness, earnestness, at once puts you at your ease, and the consideration, which seems bred in his bone, warms you to him at the very start.

"Why don't you stay for the reception to-night, Mike?" said he one afternoon after a ten-round bout.

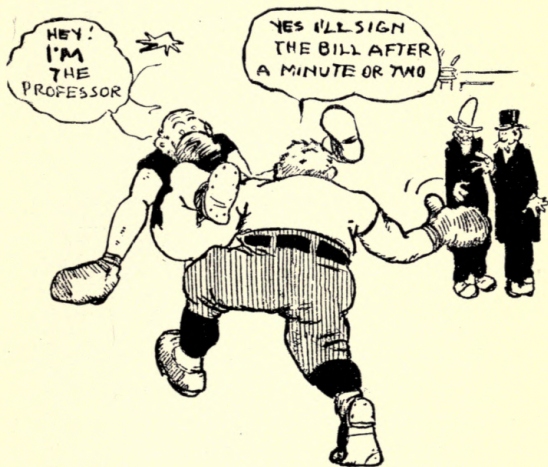
"Why, Mr. President," I replied, "I haven't the proper clothes for anything like that."

"Oh, you mean a dress-suit. Say, Mike, I'll lend you one of mine."

I caught his eye as, with the characteristic movement of the head to one side, he grinned encouragingly at me and, seeing that he really meant it, I looked from his full figure to my own slender outlines and burst out laughing.

"Why, what's the matter, Mike?"

The words were scarce out of his mouth when he caught the reason for my hesitancy—the same ridiculous figure appeared in his mind's eye that I had pictured myself, as wearing his clothes, and he caught the infection, and for some moments we stood facing each other and laughed ourselves hoarse.



ROUND III

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do, Mr. President,” I said, when I had recovered, “I’ll hire a dress-suit.”

So I did, and a disappointing fit it was, though the best I could do—a pinch in the waist and shoulder, and too long in the sleeves and legs. For a moment I determined to give over the idea of the reception, but on second thought I remembered that I had promised to come and that he expected me. I put on as good a face as I could, and feeling very uncomfortable—about as much at home, in fact, as a sheep in a lion’s skin—presented myself at the White House and edged timidly into the background, an uncertain and inconspicuous shadow in the gay throng.

I would shake hands with the President and fade away. I thought I would be a temporary, rather than a permanent, exhibit.

He motioned me toward him.

As I advanced, the major-domo stopped me and said, “Name, please.”

The President heard him and called, “Oh,

there is no need of introducing Mike to me," at the same time reaching out and drawing me toward him. But the President's sharp eye caught me unawares while I was trying to push my shoulders further into the coat, thus to make the sleeves seem not so ridiculously long.

"Hello, Mike!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to see you."

He must have noted my discomfort and embarrassment, read it in my face; for, leaning over, he whispered, "It's all right, Mike. You look first-rate."

It was a great relief; my features relaxed and I breathed freer. Indeed, I stayed for some time, enjoying it thoroughly. I could not observe that I attracted any unfavorable attention and, concluding that my appearance was not nearly as bad as I thought, gave the matter no further concern.

On the evening of March 3, 1904, the day before the inauguration, between five and six o'clock, the President and I had a "go" of some

ten rounds. He was as happy as a schoolboy as he stripped for the fray.

“After the inauguration to-morrow,” he said, “I go out to the Rockies on a hunt for four or five weeks and live the simple life.”

He loves the Western mountaineers and plainsmen. “Now, Mike,” he said, “we must have a good, long bout this evening. It’ll brighten me up for to-morrow, which will be a trying day.”

We boxed the ten hard, long rounds. He had improved so much in his practice with me that winter that I had to resort to all the strategy that my experience had taught me. After the fifth round I felt like calling a halt, but did not want to appear to be a quitter. We were having it hot and heavy; in an exchange I tried to land a right-hand body blow, ducking to avoid a left-hand counter. Instead he struck me a flush right-hander on the top of the head, knocking me sprawling to the mat. The blow jarred me quite a bit. As I got to my feet, he said:

“That’s a good make-believe knock-down, Mike.” Evidently he did not realize how hard he hit me.

“Mr. President,” I rejoined, “I would not let even you knock me down if I could help it.” I felt a bit nettled. We started in again, hammer and tongs, and I kept a sharp lookout for his clever play with the left and follow with the right.

I will say right here I never was more extended with any man I ever boxed with than in this go. At the close he was perspiring profusely, but seemed fresh enough to go much longer. I sat down and began to puff. He was sitting beside me and said, “Mike, did I understand you to say you are going to march in the parade with the Catholic Protectory Band of New York to-morrow? If so, I would like to have you ask Mr. Ryan, the bandmaster, to have his band play ‘Garry Owen’ as it passes the reviewing stand.”

I said, “I will certainly do so, Mr. President, with a great deal of pleasure.”

This is the great Irish fighting air, which was played by Irish bagpipes at the famous battle of Vinegar Hill, in Ireland, against the British troops. The air so inspired the Irishmen that they repulsed the regular British soldiers with their musketry and cannons, although they had nothing in their hands but pitchforks and pikes; and gained them the victory.

It was to this same tune that Custer led his valiant troop of cavalry to death in the battle of the Little Big Horn.

The next morning I went to the band headquarters, which I had found after an all-night search, and delivered my message to Bandmaster Ryan. He said, "Did the President say that?" I replied, "You may rely upon it." "Well," said he, "I'll play it as he never heard it played before."

That afternoon we marched down the avenue, turned the corner at the Treasury Building, Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and the eighty buglers which comprised the boy

band began the first stanza of "Garry Owen." The President, hearing them coming, clapped his hands, saying, "Here they come! here they come!" He was so delighted that, when they were passing, he shouted, "Well done, boys! well done!" As I came along in the rear of the band, the President spied me and called out, "Hello there, Mike! How are you, old man?"

Vice-President Fairbanks was on the reviewing stand, and, as I was informed afterward, he inquired, "Who is this Mike?" He was told that it was Professor Mike Donovan, who had been boxing with the President. He said, "Very interesting, indeed."

The bandmaster and the boys were extremely proud of the greeting they received from the President, and so was I.

NIX ON THOSE

SEND THE
COMMITTEE
IN



ROUND

CHAPTER II

KATE CAREW'S INTERVIEW WITH MR

I CAN'T give any better story of my acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt, and my own life, than that given in the *World* by Miss Kate Carew:

A commanding figure looms over the national horizon. A formidable figure, forsooth—the figure of Prof. “Mike” Donovan, the savant of self-defense.

Through the ruck of news, warlike and peaceful, from the seats of the mighty came on Friday the momentous intelligence that the President of the United States had need of Prof. Donovan.

Letters were told of missives traced by the Presidential pen, wherein the learned professor was bidden to repair to Washington after the

holidays and apply himself to the congenial task of being punched by the Chief Executive of the nation, and in the meantime to recommend a local savant worthy of the minor honor of being punched by the Chief Executive's progeny.

Hence this hurried narrative of a séance with Prof. Donovan. Not easily was it engineered, for the professor is as modest as he is learned, and he was greatly distressed at the news of the Presidential command having become public through the indiscretion of a friend in such a way as to cast upon him, as he feared, the odium of having boasted of the Presidential friendship. But let it be proclaimed at once that Prof. Donovan is incapable—except perhaps in the exercise of his important art—of doing anything to anger any right-minded person.

Altogether, there were six of us present, but only four really counted—the Professor, the Scientist, Capt. Jack Crawford and I. The two that didn't count were the Boy and the Chaperon.

Take my word for it, it would do any man good to associate with Prof. Donovan. He is as wholesome as a big red apple. I never envied the President of the United States before, but I do now, because he can send for his old "Mike" and have him come. Everybody calls him "Mike"—the President, the Scientist, Capt. Jack Crawford and everybody. I'd like to call him "Mike" myself, and I don't think he'd mind, and perhaps some day—but so far I've only met him once.

Prof. Donovan—it's unnaturally formal, but I can't help it—Prof. Donovan, then, is bald and snowy and russet-cheeked and as spry as a kitten. His shoulders are broad, of course, and his figure is all that doth become a man and an athlete, and his hands are large and knotty—one of them misshapen from an injury in a fight. But whereas shoulders and shape and fists are the most important things about the ordinary pugilist, the most important thing about Prof. "Mike" is his face.

Such a fine old face Prof. "Mike" has! You might search through many colleges of more esoteric learning than his without finding another professor with such a fine old face. It's as kind a face as you've ever seen, and as simple and as childlike, and yet in a subtle way it's the face of a fighter, too.

It's the face of a fighter who fights without a spark of malice—who can fight a man and love him and be loved by him. And that's the sort of man Prof. "Mike" is. The business of fighting has given him some mannerisms—a curiously alert way of cocking his head to one side, a flashing glance up from under his eyebrows, a certain swing of the body and a dancing quickness in the gestures of his hands—but socially he is the gentlest of men, full of quaint humor and quick sympathy and very courtly to the other sex. Nor is the other sex unreciprocal. It is easy to picture Prof. "Mike" the petted center of a circle of duchesses.

A STRICTLY PERSONAL QUESTION

I asked him how old he was, and the Scientist interjected: "Whatever Mike tells you, add twenty years to it." Whereupon the Professor and the Scientist had a verbal sparring match replete with jovial banter and appertaining chiefly to a silver championship belt of Prof. "Mike's," which the Scientist insists upon regarding as the champion liar's belt, at the same time admitting that not till he himself is dead will the Professor be entitled to wear it. However, the squabble ended in a definite statement on the part of the Professor that he is fifty-eight, and has been boxing for thirty-nine years, and his blue eyes danced with pride as he said it. Did I forget to mention that his eyes are blue? They are very blue, indeed.

I wished to know how he happened to become a boxer.

"Why, I was born for it!" he exclaimed. "Just as soon as I was old enough to put up

my hands I couldn't help putting 'em up"—and up went the hands in that dancing gesture I have spoken of.

He went on to tell how his brother Jerry, who seems to have been a famous fighter before him, tried to discourage him from exercising this in-born tendency, and gave him many a thrashing for fighting other small boys, and made him very sore at heart, as well as elsewhere, until one day somebody remonstrated with Jerry, saying, "Jerry, what makes you act so mean to that kid? He'll grow up and be a credit to you if you treat him right, but if you go on pounding him like that, people will think you're afraid of his cutting you out some day." After which the Spartan Jerry ceased from troubling, and the infant Mike made prodigious strides in the art of fighting.

The Scientist questioned him about his first fight, and how he felt over it.

"Golly! I was the proudest thing you ever saw!" exclaimed the Professor.

“Did you win?”

“No, I lost on a foul, but it wasn’t my fault. You see, I didn’t know the rules properly, and when the other fellow kept dropping on his knees to escape punishment it made me mad, and I just picked him up and walloped him good, like this”—and the Professor threw his right arm around an imaginary neck, dragged an imaginary head up to the level of his hip and bombarded an imaginary face with his left.

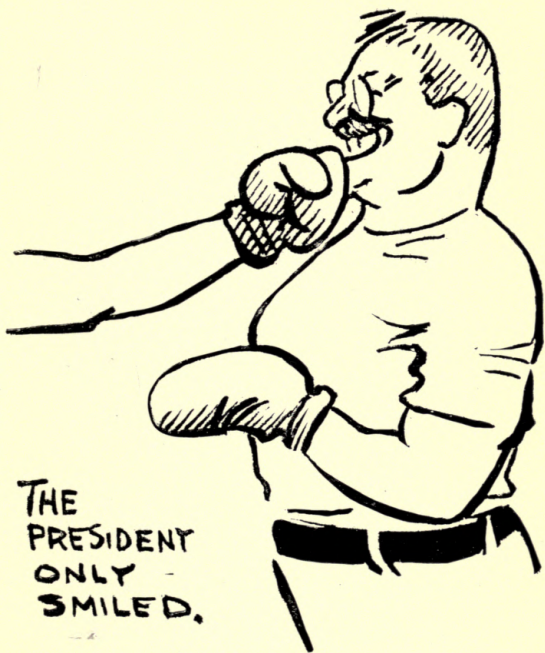
There were more reminiscences of Fistianana, and I wish I had time to repeat some of them. And there were learned disquisitions on the finer points of the art and on the comparative advantages of gloves and bare knuckles. Briefly, a more cutting blow can be delivered with the knuckles, but a harder and perhaps more damaging one with a glove, because the hand is protected from injury, and a man accustomed to boxing with gloves is in great danger of disabling his hands if he become involved in an impromptu fight with bare hands, because his tendency will be to strike recklessly hard.

Moreover, Prof. Donovan's experience goes to show that a boxer's training hampers him in a street fight, because he instinctively observes the rules of fair play, greatly to his own detriment. There was a story illustrating this, and I wish I had time to tell it in his own words. He was set upon by a gang of roughs while walking home from the New York Athletic Club, and having spent the day sparring with young stockbrokers and the like, he was very tired.

"Golly! I was tired," he said. "I was so tired that I walked along with my shoulders bent like an old man."

I could imagine what he looked like—a nice, venerable little old gentleman dragging himself home to a supper of gruel and dry toast.

No feminine pen could do justice to that Homeric combat. Not that Prof. Donovan narrated it Homerically. He was strictly technical, but one could read between the lines that it was a showy affair. I forget how many men in buckram there were, but our Professor had



THE
PRESIDENT
ONLY
SMILED.

knocked down a few of them and never thought of kicking or hitting below the belt, till suddenly he was overthrown by reinforcements and given a terrific kicking. And even then there was fight left in him to such an extent that when a policeman appeared he was in danger of being taken for the aggressor if a sympathetic bystander had not explained that the old gentleman had not started the fight—a climax which the Professor unfolded with much humor.

PARRIES A DELICATE ONE

“What sort of a boxer is President Roosevelt?” I inquired.

Professor “Mike” cocked a blue eye at me, wrinkled up his scarred forehead and said:

“Did you ever hear Capt. Jack recite that great poem of his, ‘Where the Hand of God Is Seen’? No? Oh, Capt. Jack, will you oblige with ‘Where the Hand of God Is Seen’?”

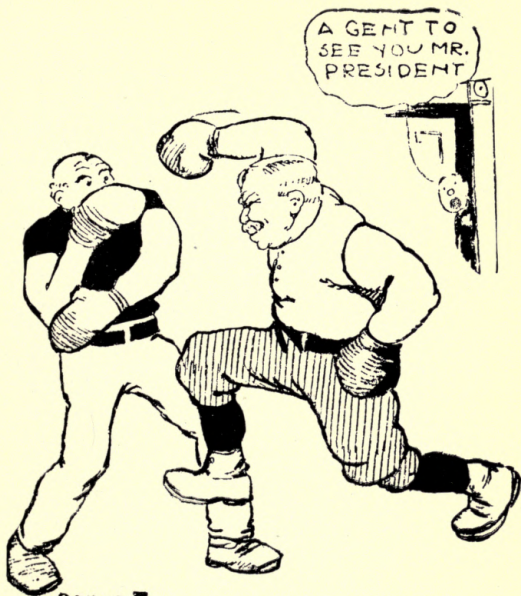
Capt. Jack, nothing loath, obliged with

“Where the Hand of God Is Seen,” and for some time thereafter nothing was said about the President.

But after a while I induced Capt. Jack to entertain the Scientist, the Boy and the Chaperon with the story of his life, including his opinion of Buffalo Bill and the evils of cigarette smoking, and I drew the Professor away. He looked alarmed.

“Did you ever hear anybody like Capt. Jack?” he said. “Did you ever hear such lovely sentiments, ma’am? By golly! I’d give anything to have his talent. He can talk right ahead without stopping for two hours. I never heard such language!”

Gently but firmly I detached his attention from Capt. Jack, and directed it toward the President of the United States, and when I made it clear that I was not going to try to pump him about Mr. Roosevelt’s letters to him or his projected engagement at the White House, he was greatly relieved and didn’t mind saying everything else that was in his heart.



ROUND I

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
AND PROF. MIQUE
DONOVAN IN THEIR
BOUT.

“But it makes me feel bad, those letters being told about in the papers,” he said. “However, the President knows me, and he will know I didn’t do it intentionally. I wouldn’t have told the newspaper boys about it for the world. You’ve no idea what a nice man the President is. He’s the kindest, best, truest man I ever met. Oh, I’ve known him and boxed with him a long time. He calls me ‘Mike,’ and we’re great friends.”

“Well, you don’t really mind if I repeat all the nice things you say about him?”

“Oh, no; not a bit. I couldn’t say too many nice things about him.”

“Is he a hard hitter?”

“Oh, my golly! yes. He comes right at you hot and heavy. And strong—why, he’s got an arm as hard as a rock!”

“Is he a good-tempered boxer?”

“Oh, golly! yes. He wouldn’t be such a good boxer if he wasn’t good-tempered. Why, he’s a happy man. He was born with that smile.”

The Professor set his teeth and peeled his lips in an imitation of the much-caricatured Roosevelt grin. "He was born with it, and he's got it in his heart. No matter what happens, that smile is there. I tell you, he's a happy man."

A GOOD POLITICAL PROPHET

"So you didn't vote for Parker?"

Professor "Mike" looked at me comically, and if I had been a man I think he would have given me a playful tap on the ribs.

"Ha! ha! Not Mike. Oh, I knew how that election was going to come out. I read a lot, you know. I get a great many papers from all over the country, and I knew that a powerful lot of Democrats were going to vote for Roosevelt.

"And then on Election Day I ran into a party of friends of mine at the polls, all Irish, who had never voted anything but the Democratic ticket, and they said, 'Well, Mike, here goes a bunch of good votes for Ted.'

“The fact is that President Roosevelt is more democratic than any Democrat. He’s a democratic Republican—that’s what he is. Why, he’s got democracy in his blood. Look at his uncle, Robert B., who’s a regular old-time sage, or whatchermaycallem, of Tammany Hall. Yes, I always say that the President is a democratic Republican.”

And Prof. “Mike” cocked his head sideways with a glance of simple satisfaction at having thus reconciled his hero-worship with his instinctive politics.

“Has short-sightedness any bearing on boxing?” I asked.

“Not if it ain’t too bad. A boxer don’t need good enough sight to see the color of the other man’s eyes; all he needs is to be able to see the shifting motions of his arms and body”—with the pantomime of arms and torso which is second nature to Prof. “Mike.”

“And the President—he is short-sighted, isn’t he?”

“Yes, and he wants to get in close—wants to get right at you all the time.”

“Did he ever hurt you?”

“Did he ever hurt me? He gave me a black ear once!”

We live and learn. I had never heard of a black ear before. Prof. “Mike” spoke of this peculiar decoration indulgently, not without a touch of pride.

“Yes, I had been boxing with him one night, and brother Jerry was with me, and when we came away from the mansion”—I think this referred to the Governor’s mansion at Albany—“I felt a sort of numbness and burning in my ear, just like frost-bite, and as it was a bitter cold, frosty night, I says to Jerry, ‘By golly! Jerry, my ear’s frost-bitten!’ And I kep’ on rubbing and rubbing it, and went to bed firmly believing it was a case of frost-bite. But next morning brother Jerry looked at my ear, and he laughed and said, ‘It ain’t a frost-bite you’ve got, Mike; it’s a sting!’ And, sure enough, my ear was all black.”

"And you hadn't felt it at the time Mr. Roosevelt struck the dreadful blow?"

"No—that is, I did feel a slight sting, but I was so used to that that I didn't notice it."

"Have you ever boxed with the President's boys?"

"Oh, my, yes!"

"How do they box?"

"Oh, they are splendid, manly little chaps, full of fight. They come right at you."

"Do you think any of them will develop into as good a boxer as Mr. Roosevelt?"

"Well, it's difficult to tell about boys. Judging from present performances, they're all going to turn out fine. Why, there's little Teddy, who ain't the strongest-looking in the family, he uses his hands just like his father—comes right in at you."

I think that was all about the President and his boys. Ah, if I only had space and leisure to tell all the observation and humor and philosophy that was shed graciously upon me by Prof. "Mike" Donovan.

But, at all events, please be consoled with the thought that the President of the United States will not be harmed by association with good Prof. "Mike."

CHAPTER III

I MEET YOUNG JOHN L. SULLIVAN

IT was in the fall of 1879, after my return from California, that I went to Boston to fill an engagement at the Howard Athenæum Theater. One afternoon while I was sitting reading in my room a young man by the name of John Sullivan, known as the "Highland Strong Boy," was introduced to me by a friend. After we had talked for a while about fighting-men, and I had a chance to look him over, I said, "You are a rugged, strong young fellow." This seemed to please him, although he was very modest in his remarks. However, he seemed to have a grudge against Paddy Ryan, who was the most promising candidate for the championship at that time. I asked him why, and he

said, "I happened to be in the theater once when Ryan and Joe Goss were boxing. Ryan struck Goss when he was down, and he refused to continue. I offered to take Goss's place, but Ryan said, 'You go get a reputation first.' " Sullivan never forgot that remark. He said if he ever got a chance he believed he would make a good showing, and added, "I think I can hit as hard as any of them, and I know I am game, too." I rather liked the young fellow's manner of expressing himself, and said to Jim Elliott, who was in Boston with me at the time, "That young fellow Sullivan, in my opinion, will make a champion some day. He is a determined-looking fellow. He has asked me to give him some pointers, and I intend to box with him to-morrow up in my bedroom." Elliott, who was a very jealous fellow, said, "You get stuck on every man you see." He could not bear to hear any man spoken well of in his presence. I replied, "I think you are jealous." (I took great pleasure in teasing him on ac-

count of his evident jealousy.) Elliott retorted, "What! jealous of that mug?" "Well," I said, "maybe all of us may be taking off our hats to him some day." Elliott and I were arranging big boxing exhibitions, and Sullivan wanted me to put his name on the bill. He said he would box with anybody. I thought well of him, and asked Elliott to give him a show, but he refused. I told Sullivan that Elliott would not consent to having his name connected with our exhibition. Here Sullivan made a remark that I have never forgotten. "Well, some day maybe they will all be glad to put my name on their bills." A prediction which, as every one knows, came true.

An abscess forming on my left elbow, I was unable to keep my engagement to box with Sullivan, as I had promised, and had to return home for treatment. When I thought I had recovered again, I made an engagement to return to Boston to box at the Howard Athenæum Theater. I was matched to fight George Rook

for the middle-weight championship with bare knuckles. The fight was to be held in Canada. In Boston I was to box Tom Drone nightly during the week. Tom was a very good local boxer. It was customary at that time to give the star a benefit on Friday night. I had to look around for some good man to box with me on that occasion, and I thought of Sullivan. I went to him and said, "Sullivan, you have told me that none of the big fellows will give you a chance to show what you can do. If you will box with me on Friday night and make a good showing I will take you to New York with me during my training for Rook, and after my fight with him is over I will match you with Paddy Ryan or any of the big fellows."

He jumped at the chance.

Friday evening came and Sullivan was on hand. The news got about that there would be a fight worth seeing, and a big house was the consequence.

When I saw him stripped I realized that Sul-

livan was one of the best men physically that I had ever seen. Like all well-made men, he looked bigger with his clothes off than at any other time.

He was, at that time, a big, raw-boned fellow and carried absolutely no superfluous flesh. He had a tremendous trunk and arms, and was very wide and flexible in the shoulders. His legs were lighter in proportion than the rest of his body. This accounted for the wonderful speed that he displayed.

Before we went on I said to him, commandingly, "Here, young fellow, you go in there and dress," pointing to a side dressing-room. He said, "All right," in his deep, gruff voice. Dick Fitzgerald, the manager of the theater, went into his room and said, "What are you going to do?"

Sullivan replied, in his bass rumble, "Why, the best man wins." Fitzgerald then came into my dressing-room and told me.

"He'll get what lots of other big fellows have got," I replied.

We came on the stage, stripped for the event.

I kept glaring at Sullivan, but he did not seem to be the least bit uneasy, as most young fellows would be under the circumstances.

When time was called I sailed right in to intimidate him at the outset if possible, for it is a well-known fact that boxers, like actors, often suffer from stage fright when first they face a big crowd.

Sullivan, far from being intimidated, rushed at me like a panther. He forgot the fact that he was facing a champion before a crowded house, being inspired by his fighting instinct alone. This, I will admit, disconcerted *me* for a moment. I had a true fighting man before me. We mixed it for a time, but I soon felt that such a course would be a dangerous one for me to pursue, as he was quick as a cat and very strong. In fact he was the strongest man I had ever met, and I had boxed nearly every big man of reputation up to that time, Paddy Ryan included, and was considered the

cleverest man in the ring. I suppose if I hadn't been my goose would have been cooked that night, for never in my life did I have to do such clever ducking and side-stepping. I proved my cleverness by avoiding a knock-out in the first round. After a hard round he slowed up, being somewhat tired from the tremendously fast pace he had gone. Of course, most of his blows went wild of the mark, and you can rest assured that the mark in question was my head. His strength and speed tired me, and I fought the second round rather cautiously, but kept him busy by feinting and drawing his rush, each time side-stepping and trying to tire him out, which I succeeded in doing. We fought four rounds, and never before in all my life did I feel so exhausted and tired; and, big and strong as Sullivan was, he seemed as tired as I. Of course, he wasted more strength than I by his great efforts.

I broke the wrist bone of my right hand in the third round, and also got my thumb

out of joint. These injuries bothered me a great deal during the rest of the bout. However, I still thought I had him, as I felt he was tiring rapidly. When the fourth round came I kept jabbing him in the face with my left. He used his right hand as a blacksmith would use a sledge-hammer pounding a piece of iron into shape. This blow afterward became famous. He hit me on top of the head several times, and his blows made me see stars of different colors. Only one who has had a like experience can appreciate my feelings at that moment—fighting a comparatively unknown man who had practically nothing to lose, while I had my reputation at stake and was laboring under the handicap of a broken right hand.

The fourth round ended with honors even, though I think I had slightly the better of it.

As I lay in bed that night, nursing my sore hand, and thought it all over, I felt far from satisfied with myself, but finally concluded that I had just fought the coming champion of the



prize-ring. My hand pained me greatly all night. In the morning I obtained relief by going to a doctor and having it set in splints.

On returning to my hotel it seemed to me that every Irishman who lived on Boston Highlands, the location of Sullivan's home, was there waiting for me. There were at least fifty in all. They plied me with all kinds of questions as to what I thought of the young fellow, and to all I replied that, in my mind, he was the coming champion and a fine strong fellow. I never will forget what one old man said: "I have known his father and mother for many years, and decent people they are, too. Johnny was always a strong gossoon, and I always thought he had the makings of a good man." The bar of the hotel was doing a big business. My shins became rather numb standing against it, when, to my great relief, Sullivan came in, and thereby afforded me a chance to slip away from his admirers and friends.

This was the beginning of Sullivan's career.

Others have claimed they brought him out, but the man who tries a man out and risks his reputation in so doing is entitled to the credit. I am sure Sullivan will vouch for everything I say in this matter. It was immediately after his bout with me that he became a great card.

After this go with Sullivan I returned home and, although my hand was very sore, started to train for my fight with Rook, thinking that it would be well in time for the fight, which was three months off. I was doomed to disappointment, as it did not entirely mend for a year. The following year, 1881, I returned to Boston to box Sullivan again; we met in a music hall and had three tough rounds.

This bout caused such a bad feeling between us that we did not speak for three or four years.

CHAPTER IV

I BOX WITH SULLIVAN THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

IN 1884, when John L. was making his wonderful tour of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, knocking out every one who had the courage to meet him, I received a telegram from Al. Smith, his manager, asking me if I would join his combination, my duties to consist of boxing with John L. nightly. After satisfactory arrangements had been made I agreed. I journeyed to New Orleans to meet him there. This was a friendly bout, which is hardly worth mentioning, other than to say we made a splendid display and received much applause. I traveled with him all through the Southern States, drawing big houses everywhere.

Every one has heard of John L.'s big-heart-

edness and generosity. At all times he had his hands in his pockets, giving money away right and left, to the worthy and unworthy alike. People even bought tickets for trains that he traveled on, in order to get a chance to strike him for money. Each one had a little tale prepared to awaken Sullivan's sympathies. I remember an interesting case which occurred on our way from Montgomery, Alabama, to Savannah, Georgia. A thin, threadbare little man, shabbily dressed, hailed me with: "My dear sir, I believe you are one of Mr. Sullivan's combination; as such, I wish you would do me a favor. I am a Methodist minister. My town is a few miles up the road. Will you please introduce me to Mr. Sullivan?"

I told him that I did not think Sullivan would see him; but, at his earnest solicitation, I went into the smoking compartment of the Pullman car and told Sullivan how anxious the clergyman was to see him. At first he demurred, but I said, "John, this man is a

gentleman, and has no other object than admiring curiosity." "Well, bring him in," growled John. I ushered him in and introduced him to Sullivan.

The clergyman expressed his admiration unhesitatingly, saying, "Mr. Sullivan, I have read a great deal about you and of your many generous deeds, and I pray God will spare you many years to come." Sullivan asked him where his parish was located. He told him it was only a few miles on ahead.

"I suppose," said Sullivan, "that you are having a hard time fighting against poverty in God's vineyard?"

"Yes," replied the minister, "I am having a hard time. I have started to build a small frame church, but have had to stop work on it for the want of money."

"That's too bad," said John L. "Won't those psalm singers give up?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "all that they can afford; but, you see, they are all poor."

“Where is Frank Moran?” said Sullivan. Moran was his financial secretary. I told him in the next car. “Tell him that I want him.” I immediately sent for him. Frank came in and Sullivan said to him, “Give me one hundred dollars.” He did so, and John L. handed it to the minister, who at first refused to take it.

“Oh, no, Mr. Sullivan!” he exclaimed. “I did not seek an introduction to you for the purpose of getting money.”

He was telling the truth, and John L. knew it, and that made him more insistent that the minister should take the money, which he finally did, and left wishing Sullivan all kinds of luck with a “God bless you.”

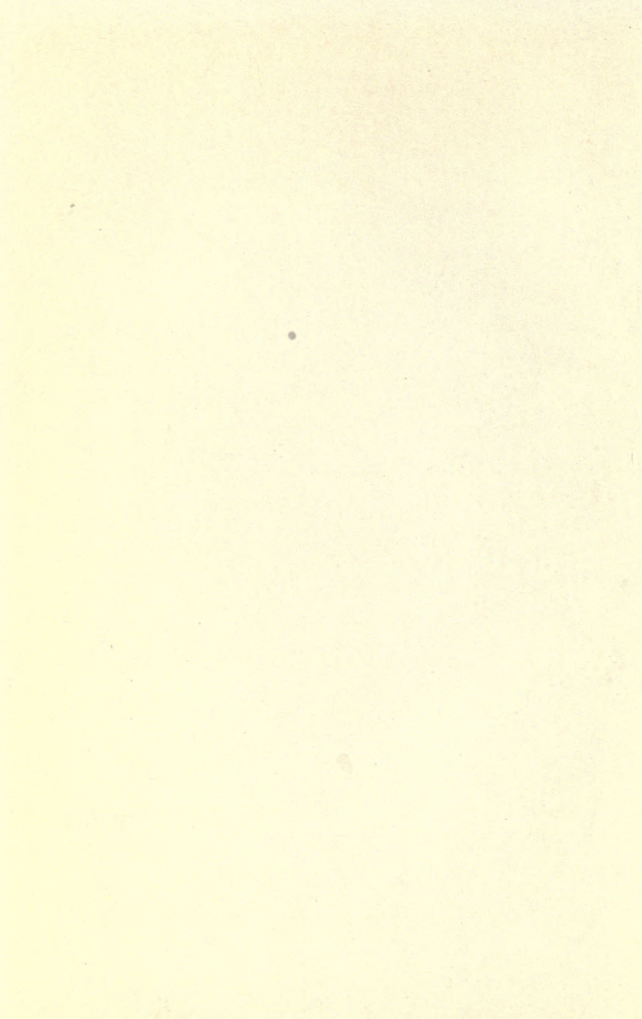
It may seem strange to think that a prize-fighter, who is of a class generally condemned by the clergy, should be the means of assisting in the building of a church in a little town in Alabama.

It was apparent that the honestly expressed good wishes of the little clergyman had an ef-



MR. ROOSEVELT
DID HIS
RECEIVING
BETWEEN
BOOTS.

R. Edgman.



fect on John L. He said, after the minister had gone, that he never derived so much pleasure in giving away money.

On arriving at Chattanooga, Tennessee, we went direct to the theater. As we were stripping to go on with the show, the Chief of Police came into the dressing-room and, addressing John, said, "Are you Sullivan?" "I am," replied the latter. "Well, you will have to prove it. A man came here the other day and gave an exhibition, advertising himself as John L. Sullivan."

"Well, I am the only John L. Sullivan there is. I am not responsible for fakers who trade on my name." "You will have to show me," said the Chief. "How?" asked John, adding, "I don't know any one in this town." He was mad-clear through at the Chief's domineering tone, and told him he would go on with the show in spite of him. I was afraid John L. would hit this fellow. This I knew would make no end of

trouble, so I told Sullivan to go out before the audience and ask if there was any one there who knew him personally.

He walked out on the stage and said, "Gentlemen, the Chief of Police is here and will not allow me to go on with the show until I prove that I am John L. Sullivan. It seems some faker has been here and represented himself as me. What can I do? I don't know a soul in this town. Can any of you identify me?"

A voice in the crowd cried out, "We all know you, John. You're all right. Go on with the show. The Chief is only looking for cheap advertising." This was followed by laughter and hisses. The Chief left without further interference.

We went on with the show and received a great deal of applause. The audience were much pleased with the Chief's discomfiture, and there were cries of "You're all right, Sullivan" from all over the house.

We next went to Birmingham, Alabama.

After our performance John L. was introduced to a couple of priests. He gave them each fifty dollars for their parishes. They informed John that they were holding a fair for the purpose of raising funds to build a larger church and asked him to come. He agreed, and they left in high spirits.

When we had dressed we left the theater. Sullivan stopped at a café, but I went on to the hotel.

About half an hour after, while I was smoking on the hotel veranda, the older of the priests, a fine-looking man with a rich Irish accent, rushed up in great excitement. He spied me and came over, wringing his hands, "What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" he wailed. "I've promised the people over at the fair that Sullivan would be there. It's now after eleven o'clock, and he's nowhere in sight. My reputation will be ruined."

I felt sorry for him, and in spite of the fact that I was tired I told him, if he would wait for

me there, I thought I could produce Sullivan. He told me to do so would save his good name.

I went at once to the café where John L. had stopped. There he was, surrounded by a crowd of admirers. I drew him aside and asked him if he intended to go to the fair.

He did not want to go, and replied, "No. I gave the priests a hundred dollars. That ought to satisfy them." I explained to him that they had taken him at his word and that the people at the fair expected him, and added that I thought he ought to go. He finally consented, and we started up to the hotel to meet the priest.

He acted as if I had done him the greatest possible service, and in great good humor started with us to the fair.

It was very funny to see his satisfaction and high good humor; he was even swaggering a little as we entered the hall and, raising his hand, sang out, "Ladies and gentlemen," pointing at John, "this is the great John L. Sullivan. I want you to give him a cheer."

Half an hour before he had been on the verge of tears. Girls selling tickets for raffles and lotteries immediately surrounded us and begged John to take tickets. They besieged him on every side and the priest called to them, "Now, girls, don't impose on Mr. Sullivan." But the merry twinkle in his eye, far from deterring them, only seemed to urge them on.

John L. handed out a ten here and a five there, until he had spent about one hundred and fifty dollars. He seemed to be having a fine time, too, joking with the girls and chaffing the young men.

When we left, the priest escorted us to the door and, grasping Sullivan by the hand, said, "God bless you, John"—and in a lower voice—"more power to your arm."

When we got outside I said, "Well, John, did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes, Mike," he answered, "but did you see the way that foxy priest told the girls 'not to impose on Mr. Sullivan'? I don't think he

meant a word of it. However, the money is for a good purpose. I'm glad he got it."

Nothing of importance happened after this until we reached Memphis, Tennessee.

During this tour Sullivan had had trouble with every one in the company except Frank Moran, his financial secretary, and myself. These disagreements all ended in one way. Sullivan would knock the other man down, and I tell you it was no light thing to have Sullivan hit you with his bare knuckles.

I, having known John, as I have told you, when he was a beginner at Boston, treated him more independently than any of the others. If he asked my opinion on any subject I always gave it frankly, and if it didn't suit him I let it go at that. If any other man in the combination had talked to Sullivan the way I did it would have resulted in his getting a severe beating.

I must say, however, that Sullivan always treated me well and paid more attention to my

opinions than to those of any one else. Probably because he knew I was not afraid of him and would, therefore, tell him the truth.

I had been through the South before, and knew a great many people. Some of them were in hard circumstances, and I was, therefore, drawing on the treasury continually. One day in Memphis I wanted some money to give to an old fellow who had struck me for a loan and went to Moran for it as usual.

After he had given it to me he said, "Mike, you and I are the only ones the Big Fellow hasn't licked. I guess your turn is next."

"You think so, do you?" I said. "Well, not on your life. John will never hit me."

He must have thought I was boasting, for he laughed heartily. He seemed sure I would get it in time. Late that night he and Sullivan had some words in the latter's room, and the upshot of it was that John L. hit him between the eyes, knocking him down.

Moran had thought that, on account of his

high position in the combination, he could talk as he pleased to Sullivan and be exempt from punishment. I heard of the affair the following morning and went at once to Moran's room. I found him with his head bandaged and both eyes completely closed. I said to him, "Frank, old boy, I'm sorry for you, but I wasn't next, was I?"

He laughed and said, "Mike, you are the only one left now. But you'll get it yet." I never did, though.

That evening while I was sitting in the hotel corridor talking to some friends, I was approached by a tall, slim young chap who had a long neck like a gander.

"Are you Mike Donovan?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "What do you want?"

He told me he was the man who was to meet Sullivan that night, and said he would like to see him. I told him Sullivan made a practice of never seeing the man he was to meet until they were on the stage together. "You'll see him soon enough," I said.

The fellow was plainly scared and very nervous. He asked me all kinds of questions, and finally asked, "Do you think he will knock me out?"

I looked up at his long, red neck and replied, "Young fellow, if he hits you up there I'm afraid you will have to get a new neck." This seemed to make him angry and he left, saying he didn't know about that. I told him he would be wiser on that point after the bout.

To tell the truth, I was always apprehensive of these bouts. I was afraid some one would be badly hurt by his head striking the floor after he had been knocked down, as Sullivan at that time could hit a terrific blow, especially with his right hand, and none of the men who went on with him, in the hope of getting the \$1,000 he offered to any man who was on his feet after four rounds with him, was a match for him in any way.

I had stopped a couple of nice young fellows from going on with him when they came to me

for advice. Of course, Sullivan never knew anything about this.

While we were stripping for the bouts that night the gander-necked fellow came in with a kind of swagger and, addressing John, said, "Are you Mr. Sullivan?" Without looking up, John growled, "Yes. What do you want?" The young fellow said he was the man who was to spar with him that night. John's only answer was a grunt, "Huh! you are?"

The local man was even more nervous than when he had first spoken to me. He kept looking first at Sullivan and then at me, then blurted out, "Are you going to knock me out, Mr. Sullivan?"

John L. jumped up and, looking him in the eye, said, "Young fellow, if you go on that stage with me I will knock your head off. You do the same to me, if you can. Now go in there and put your clothes on," pointing to a dressing-room.

The youngster stripped, and we started for



AFTER DRESSING
THE PRESIDENT
SHOWED
PROFESSOR DONOVAN
SOME JIU JITSU....

(THE DOTTED LINES
INDICATE MR. DONOVAN'S
HANDS, AFTER
BEING SHOWN.)

(R.E.)

the stage, which was in the middle of the hall.

Time was called, and Sullivan walked up to the scratch, feinted with his left and swung his right on the other's gander-like neck. He crashed forward, landing on the side of his head.

I was frightened. The young fellow had fallen so hard I was afraid he had fractured his skull.

Sullivan was frightened, too, as he threw off his gloves and picked the man up in his arms, which he could easily do, as the other only weighed about 160 pounds, and carried him to a chair, where he threw a bucket of water over him. I grabbed the bucket and started for the dressing-room for more water. As I passed through the crowd I heard remarks such as these on all sides: "The big brute—he ought to be lynched!" "Kill the d——d brute!" and others of a similar character. When I got back to the stage I whispered to Sullivan that I feared there might be trouble. He picked the

young fellow up again and carried him to the dressing-room, where after a few minutes he revived. We then went back to the stage to finish our exhibition. Sullivan's treatment of his opponent after he had knocked him out caught the crowd and he was cheered to the echo.

When we returned to the dressing-room "gander-neck" had entirely recovered. "Young fellow," said Sullivan, "I can't let any one take the thousand I hang up, and I cannot afford to lose my reputation, so I have to put fellows like you out as quickly as I can, but you are a game fellow." And, turning to his secretary, said, "Give him fifty dollars, Jake."

Sullivan was right when he said this man was game. Any man is game who goes on with a thing which he is physically afraid to tackle.

CHAPTER V

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BRAWNY SCOT

OUR next stop was Hot Springs, Arkansas, where we arrived about six in the evening. We went direct to the hotel and from there to the theater.

My dressing-room was on the opposite side of the stage from Sullivan, and as I walked out, after having put on my boxing-clothes, I saw a great, raw-boned man fully six feet four in height, with a pair of shoulders large enough to block a door.

"Is Mustur-r-r Soolivan here?" he asked in a Scotch burr you could have cut with a knife.

"Not yet," I replied. "What do you want to see him about?"

"Weel," he said, "I'm the mon that's to

meet him the night. I thoct I'd like to see him."

I told him to go into my room and sit down and I would try to find Sullivan. I went across the stage to Sullivan's dressing-room and told him this fellow was the biggest and strongest-looking man I'd ever seen.

In the middle of my description John said, with a grin: "Oh, the bigger they are, the harder they fall. Take those gloves and get him ready. I want to get through."

I went back to the other room and told the Scotchman to strip. He pulled off his shirt and displayed a magnificent pair of arms and shoulders. Then, tying his suspenders round his waist for a belt, said that he was ready. His hands were so big that I thought I would have to cut the gloves to get them on. They were like a pair of hams. I tried to find a knife, but couldn't do so. After a lot of tugging and pulling, I finally got them on and told him to follow me, which he did as if he had been a

small boy. We went upstairs to the stage, and had hardly gotten to the wings when Sullivan ran up to the big fellow and, pushing him out on the stage, said, "Get over to that corner."

The Scotchman was so big he actually had to look down at Sullivan. He weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds and was in excellent condition. He didn't have one ounce of superfluous flesh on his body. When time was called, and they advanced to the scratch, the contrast between the two men was even more marked. Sullivan looked like a boy, compared to this fellow.

As they put their hands up, the big fellow rushed. I really think he believed he could beat Sullivan. John L. hit his left arm a chop, in order to break down his guard, and then whipped his right to the jaw. The Scotchman fell like a log near the back scene. As I have said, he was remarkably strong, and he showed his stamina and pluck by struggling to his feet before he was counted out. He stood facing the

drop scene, with his hands resting on it for support, his head drooping forward. John L. walked over and turned him around, for he would never hit a man whose back was turned. Catching him by the arm he walked the other back to the middle of the stage. The big fellow squared off to fight again.

Sullivan again swung his right to the jaw, although not with as much force as before, and the Scotchman fell forward in a heap—insensible.

John, as usual, pulled off his gloves and tried to pick him up. He couldn't make it, however, and four or five of us had to help him. There were a great many people in Hot Springs who thought Sullivan would have his hands full beating this fellow, and the quick way he disposed of him made a great impression.

The Scotchman was a very powerful man, but was too slow ever to have made a fighter.

The next day John and I were going down to the springs to take a bath, when I was ap-

proached by two fellows who said they were hard up, and asked me to help them out. One of them was a stranger, but the other I knew slightly. I gave each of them a dollar and passed on. When I returned to the hotel and went into Sullivan's room he asked me who the fellows that I had been talking to were. I told him I had known one of them in New Orleans and that the other one was a stranger to me.

"You have more 'bum' friends than any man I know of," said Sullivan.

"John," I replied, "you should not talk like that. You are only a young man yet." He was twenty-six then. "One of those poor fellows was an alderman in New Orleans 'way back in the 50's. Now he is a dissipated, broken-down old man. You will meet fellows who are wearing diamonds and spending money now who, in ten or twelve years, will be stopping you in the street and asking for a loan."

There were a couple of other men in the room when this conversation took place, and they backed me up in what I said.

A few minutes later we went to the station, and as we got to our seats in the car a crowd of poor fellows came in and began telling their tales of woe to John. He was handing them each a five or ten dollar bill. I spied my friend the alderman on the back platform, and went out and told him what was going on, advising him to go in and strike John.

Sullivan gave him a ten-dollar bill, and as more were coming, probably the same crowd on a second trip, he called out, "Lock that door!" Which was done. I think, in all, he gave away a couple of hundred dollars. As the train pulled out I turned to him and said, "John, you certainly have lots of 'bum' friends." He said, "Well, I guess you're right, Mike." "I know I am right, John," I replied. "I tipped my 'bum' friends off, and they got ten apiece from you." He laughed and said the joke was on him.

Our next stop of any importance was St. Louis. On arriving there we found that Buf-

falo Bill was in town with his Wild West show. He invited us to see the performance, and that afternoon we went out to the fair grounds and were ushered into seats in the judges' stand. We found that General Sherman, his daughter and other prominent people had already arrived.

Bill made his customary speech before the caravan started, and then invited John L. and the rest of us to occupy the old Deadwood coach. We started round the track lickity-split, and about half-way round the Indians, led by their chief, Rocky Bear, attacked us. Their faces were daubed with red, green and white paint, and distorted with fierce grimaces. They emitted shrieks and yells at every jump. Their repeating rifles were cracking away in our faces. In spite of the fact that I *knew* I was perfectly safe, their fierce yells and bloodthirsty actions were so realistic that I could feel little chills chasing themselves up and down my back.

One of the other men in the coach was named

Frank Tucker, a real "bad man," with eight notches on his gun.

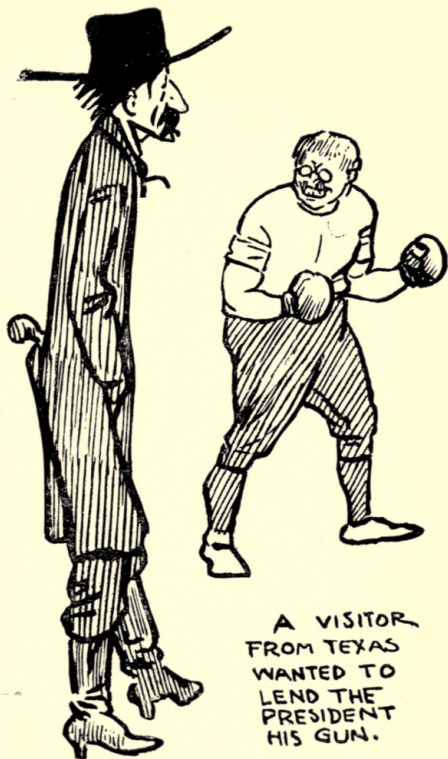
As the Indians overtook us, one big buck rode up close and shot right into the coach. Tucker turned to me and said, very quietly, "I'm going to kill that Indian some day."

I thought he was joking, and laughed.

Tucker showed me his left hand, which was bandaged heavily. He told me the Indian had shot a gun-wad into his hand a couple of days before, and added, "You bet that Indian will never see the plains again, partner."

Buffalo Bill heard of this threat a short time afterward and sent Tucker back to his home in North Platte, for he knew he would be sure to kill the Indian sooner or later.

Buffalo Bill gave us a barbecue, and we had lots of meat, and onions, and coffee galore. General Sherman was there, and ate the meat out of his fingers, like everybody else, and he was as much of a boy as any of us. Of course I knew the General, as I had marched from At-



A VISITOR
FROM TEXAS
WANTED TO
LEND THE
PRESIDENT
HIS GUN.

lanta to the sea with him. He told me there he was always glad to meet one of his boys.

Buffalo Bill drove us into town in a four-in-hand, Sullivan and himself sitting on the front seat. They received an ovation all along the route. Everybody was cracking jokes, and we had a very merry time. We went to the hotel and had dinner, and all ate heartily. Sullivan meant to meet a man there by the name of Zindell. However, that did not prevent his dining well.

We then went to the People's Theater to prepare for the show. At 8:15 Tom Allen, the ex-champion of America, appeared on the stage with a handsome young fellow, light-haired, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered, who weighed about 180 pounds. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Allen in his coarse, husky voice, "I brought Zindell here to meet John L. Sullivan. Sullivan has been going all around this country making bluffs, and I brought Mr. Zindell here to meet him." Of course Allen made quite a hit, and

was cheered by the audience. Now, let it be understood right here that Tom Allen knew the Chief of Police, Larry Horrigan, whom I had known in the late 60's when he was a sergeant, was there, and had already told Sullivan he would not allow him to knock any man out. Knowing Sullivan could not put his man out, Allen was making a bluff. It made me mad to see Zindell swaggering around when he knew Sullivan wouldn't be allowed to put him out. I said to Chief Horrigan, "Let John L. knock that fellow out. It will take some of the conceit out of him." "No," he said, "I cannot do it, Mike. I would like to see John L. put him out myself; but, as Chief of Police, I cannot allow it."

I went downstairs to the dressing-room and repeated to John L. the speech Allen had made, and told him how he referred to him as a bluffer.

"Ah," he said, "they won't believe what that old stoker says. Everybody knows I am on the level."

“Well,” said I, “you will have to go up and refute what Allen has said, as his words have made a great impression on the audience.”

He shook his head and said in disgust, “I will not notice it.”

“Well, if you don’t you will leave a bad impression behind you in this city. Can’t you hear the people calling, ‘Sullivan! Sullivan!’? You owe them an explanation.”

I persuaded him, and he went up on the stage and addressed the audience as follows:

“Ladies and gentlemen, I have a standing offer of one thousand dollars, put up for any man who can stay four rounds with me. I have traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back, and no man has stayed even one round as yet. There have been scores who have tried it. I would be glad of the opportunity to treat you to a knock-out to-night, but the Chief of Police has forbidden it. Now, that is the situation. He is here now on the stage, so I will leave it to this audience who is the bigger bluffer—the man

who has just made the speech to you, or myself. He knows the Chief will not allow me to knock his man out.”

John L. received a tremendous cheer, and Allen was hissed.

We went on and gave the regular show with our combination as usual. After the show we went different ways—I with my friends and Sullivan with his—and we did not meet until very late that night at the hotel. I arrived there about twelve o’clock, and Frank Moran and myself and our old friend Tucker went up to the bar to have a drink, when in came Zindell and a friend, and we invited them to join us. Zindell was the first to refer to the incident of the evening. He said that he was not afraid to meet Sullivan.

“That may be all true, young man,” I said. “Nobody said you were afraid; but let me tell you frankly you would not last as long as it takes me to tell it in front of him.”

“How do you know?” he asked.

"I could tell by looking at you."

"How so?"

"Because you are not a fighting man!"

"You never seen me fight," he replied.

The argument was getting pretty hot now.

"I would not have to see you fight to know that you aren't a fighter. You have not a single indication in your face to show that you are one."

He began to get nervous and his voice trembled.

"That's a pretty bold thing to say," he cried.

"Yes, and I am bold enough to say it," I answered.

I thought I was in for a scrap, and I was inclined to have one.

He cooled down, and I said to him, "I told you that you were no fighter."

His excuse was, he did not fight in barrooms.

I said, "Neither do I, but I am not particular when the occasion requires it."

He took water, and that ended the argument.

We had some more drinks, and after a few minutes I saw John L. coming through the corridor. I walked toward him and said, "John" (understand, he had never seen Zindell), "that fellow that Allen had to meet you is here at the bar. Don't say anything to him, as I don't believe it is his fault. It is best to let the thing pass off now."

When he came up to the bar I introduced him to Zindell, and he said, "Glad to meet you, young fellow."

Zindell could not give up the subject, and said, "Mr. Sullivan, it was not my fault I did not meet you to-night."

Sullivan replied, in a rough, surly voice, "It was not my fault I did not knock you out." And he meant it, too.

"Well," he said, "I guess you can lick me."

Sullivan said, "No guess about it. You would go the way others went, as sure as you live. That's no bluff, either, understand? And now don't say any more about it."

Zindell shook like a man with the fever, and quit then and there when he found he was in for a licking if he said more. The man who was with Zindell had known my brother Jerry in the day of his prime and said to me in a whisper, "If Sullivan hits this fellow and knocks him out I will kill him." He was assuming on the acquaintance of my brother that I would be his friend instead of Sullivan's.

I turned on him and said: "If you put your hand near your hip pocket I will knock the top of your head off."

This was all said in a low voice, so as not to attract Sullivan's attention. If he had heard it there would have been trouble sure. I felt rather safe with nothing but my hands, because I knew my friend Tucker had his masked battery planted all the time.

After a couple more drinks John L. started for the south door of the hotel. It was then about two o'clock in the morning. Moran called my attention to it and said, "There goes John. Go after him."

I did, and Tucker followed me. I knew John was up to some mischief and said to Tucker, "I think he is going to Allen's to get even for those remarks he made last evening. We won't attract his attention until we see him turning down the street to Allen's."

He walked up Fifth Street and passed Market Street. We let him go for a little way, and then I hailed him, for I knew he was making a mistake. He turned around and said, "What are you following me for?"

I walked up to him and said, "I know that you are going to Allen's place to lick him, and I am following you to keep you out of trouble."

He said, "I will make him apologize or knock his head off before I go to bed this morning."

I said, "John, Allen is too old a man for you to beat. He is an old has-been, and the only thing he can do now is to talk. He is beneath your notice."

He paid no attention, other than to ask: "Where is his place?" He was still determined to go there.

“He lives on Market Street,” I replied; “but, look here, John, you don’t want to go there and start a racket. He has got a lot of hangers-on and cut-throats there. We will all get into serious trouble, and you will be sorry for it afterward.”

A stitch in time saves nine, and back to the hotel we went. John still wanted to go on; so did Tucker, who said, “I have a pair of guns here, and I won’t leave a live man in the place.”

“That’s all right, Tucker,” I said, “but it don’t pay.” I finally persuaded them to drop the matter; but I did not feel easy until I saw John in bed, fearing he might get up and sneak out again, but Tucker stayed with him and promised me that he would not let him out. Then I went to my room and went to bed.

The next morning we left St. Louis.

CHAPTER VI

BURKE, OF SAGINAW, A GOOD MAN

ONE feature of our show was a three-round exhibition between Sullivan and myself. These affairs are always rehearsed beforehand, and are known as "brother acts."

We were just starting the second round at Saginaw, Michigan, when we were startled by hearing a voice from a box ten or twelve feet above the stage call out, "It's a d——d shame to see that big fellow slugging a little man." The "little man" meant me, as I then weighed only about one hundred and forty-eight pounds.

Sullivan stopped sparring and, looking up over his shoulder, growled out to the occupant of the box, "*You come down.*"

As Sullivan turned I hit him a stiff punch

on the head. He paid no attention to it. This brought a great laugh from the audience.

Crash came a pair of heavy, raw-hide boots on to the stage. The man who wore them had leaped from his box and stood confronting John L.

I had slipped off my gloves when I saw what had happened. The stranger tore off his coat and rushed toward Sullivan, his hands in a fighting position. I caught him by the arm and pulled my gloves on his hands, saying, as I did so, "You jumped down here looking for something. Now you'll get it."

He and Sullivan sparred for a moment, the newcomer's heavy boots beating a tattoo on the stage floor as he sprang in and out. Sullivan feinted with his left, and when the stranger's hand went up to guard he crashed his right against the jaw.

It was a knock-out.

After disposing of a man Sullivan always picked him up and started to take care of him.

This was done in order to dispel any unpleasant effect of the knock-out in the minds of the spectators. He followed his usual custom in this case.

After we had bathed the stranger's head he revived a bit and staggered to his feet and stood swaying, again assuming an attitude of defense. Sullivan put him back in the chair. He put his hand to the back of his neck and spoke for the first time.

"Who hit me *here?*" he demanded.

"I did, old man," said Sullivan.

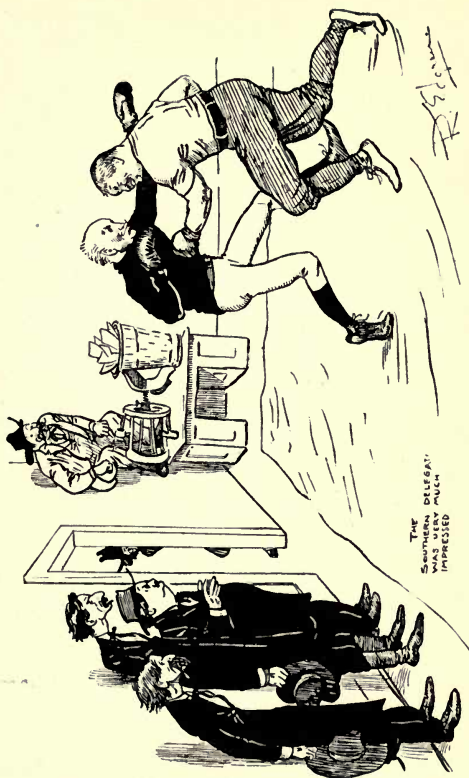
"Who are you?"

John L. grinned and replied, "I'm Sullivan."

The other smiled faintly. "Oh, I remember now," he said, and shortly after left the theater.

I then resumed the gloves and John L. and I finished our set-to.

That night while we were standing at the hotel bar, the stranger, whose name I learned was Burke, came in. He walked straight over to John L. "Sullivan," he said, "give me your



hand. You are a good man. I've licked every man in these parts. You are the first that ever knocked me down."

The champion's hand met his half-way. "Have a drink," growled Sullivan.

If this rough lumberman had had the benefit of Sullivan's training, there is no doubt in my mind he would have made his mark in the ring.

There are many young fellows such as he throughout the country who would, if properly taught, make as good fighters as any that have appeared before the public.

From Saginaw we went to Detroit, where we showed for two nights. After arriving at the hotel, among the friends and admirers who called to see John L. was Colonel McLaughlin, who was once collar-and-elbow wrestling champion of the world. He sent up his card, and John L. told them to show him up. I had never seen this man, and was somewhat curious to have a look at him. In came a great big, broad-shouldered man with light hair and very blue

eyes; he wore a long, flowing mustache. He was a splendid figure and a handsome man. Sullivan said that he was glad to see him, and he told John he also was glad to see him, but Sullivan did not introduce me. He sometimes forgot that it was necessary to introduce those who were with him. I did not mind this, however, as I knew it was only an oversight.

They were talking about John's profitable tour and of the many men that he had done away with. I did not say a word, as I was studying Mr. McLaughlin and could see that he was a very pompous sort of chap and wanted to make a big impression on people as to what a big man he was, both in bulk and intellect. I did not like his style in the least.

All at once he stuck out his chest, raised his head in the air and said, "John, why don't you learn how to wrestle?"

"Oh," said John, "I can wrestle well enough to throw a sucker." And then he added that

wrestling was barred under the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

“Well,” said the Colonel, “suppose that a robber or a highwayman should tackle you some night. If you knew how to wrestle well, you could break his neck and throw him into an alley.”

I saw that my impression of McLaughlin was correct, and that he wanted to appear as a bigger man than Sullivan himself. This made me mad and I said, “You seem to forget, Mr. McLaughlin, that John might be doing something about that time himself.”

He looked at me, with his head still raised, as much as to say: “You impudent fellow. Who are you that enters this conversation?” and then said, with a shake of the head, “Well, what would he do?”—emphasizing the *well*.

I answered that Sullivan would knock the man out, and there was not a wrestler living that he could not knock out. And that that was what he would and could do if occasion demanded.

This rather knocked the conceit out of McLaughlin, and he left much offended. I told Sullivan he ought not to have let him go without a call-down, but John was always good-natured, and passed the matter off lightly.

Shortly after taking the train for Toledo, Ohio, and as we were all comfortably seated, a big, broad-shouldered mulatto took a seat beside me. I took no particular notice of him, except that his left arm was in a sling.

Frank Moran sat opposite me, as the seats were opened up facing each other. I saw Moran eying my neighbor very keenly, and once in a while making eyes at me, but I could not understand what he meant by it until finally he leaned over and whispered to me, "Mike, that is Thompson." Frank then got into conversation with him, which astonished me somewhat, as he did not like negroes as a rule. Suddenly Frank said, "Oh, you are Mervin Thompson, are you?"

As soon as I heard the name I whispered,

“Frank, keep it quiet, for if the Big Fellow finds out Thompson is here there will be a terrible row.” Frank said to Thompson, “You have been challenging John L. during his absence, and he is dead sore on you and Duncan Ross [the broadswordsmen], and if he sees you now you will get what is coming to you.”

I again cautioned Frank to speak in a lower tone. John L. sat in the seat at Frank’s back, just ahead of us, and I was afraid that he would hear and learn Thompson was there. Frank was rather inclined to have John L. hear, however. Thompson made all manner of excuses, but Frank would not let up. Finally Sullivan heard the name of Thompson mentioned by Moran, and he turned around in his seat and looked sharply at Thompson for a minute or two, then called out, “Say, are you Mervin Thompson?” “Yes, Mr. Sullivan,” he replied.

John L. sat up, leaning over the seat, and said, “Thompson, if you did not have your arm in a sling I would make you lay down like a yellow dog.”

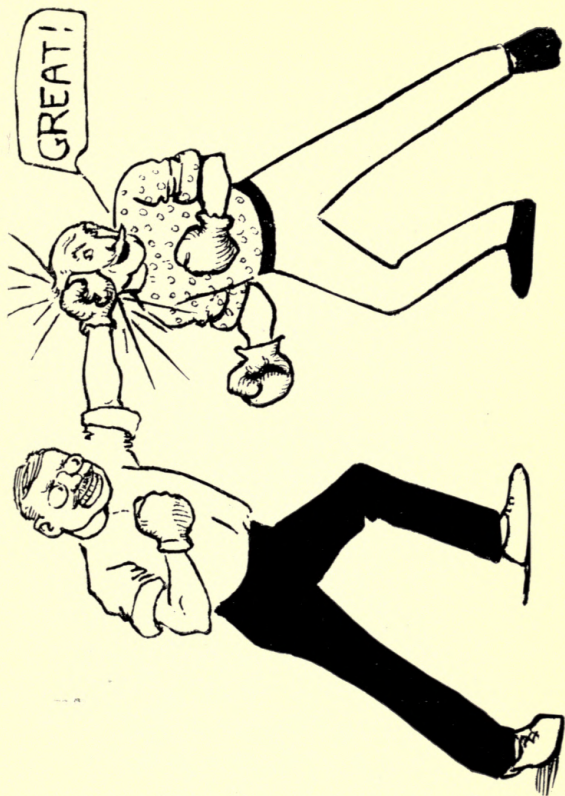
By this time the aisle of the car was full of people, expecting to see a fight. Poor Thompson was scared almost to death.

I said: "John, he has acknowledged that you can lick him and that Duncan Ross is the man responsible. The poor fellow has apologized in every way. If you say much more to him the people will think that you are imposing on him because he has only one arm."

John L. then turned around and let Thompson alone. If a fight had started the passengers would have stampeded, and there might have been a dreadful loss of life caused by the jam on the two platforms that would have caused many to topple off the train, which was going at least fifty miles an hour.

I felt rather sore at Moran for not keeping quiet. Frank was a city fellow and was fond of kidding, and liked to see a scrap. Nothing would do John L. but that Thompson be his guest, and stop over one night with him.

Al. Smith, John L.'s manager at that time,



boarded the train at Buffalo. It often happened that we all acted like bad boys who took advantage of the schoolmaster's absence, and it was curious to see how humble John L. would be when Al. would read him a lecture. He acted more like a boy who was going to get a beating for playing hookey than anything else. He always had the same excuse: "I can't help it, Al. Everybody is running after me with 'John, have a drink' here and 'John, have a drink' there. I don't like to offend any one by refusing. So how can I help it?"

Al. had a habit of repeating the word "see." "See, see," he would say, "this won't do, this won't do—see, see—you're ruining your health, my boy—see, see—you are ruining your health. Now don't you see I'm right?"

"Yes," John L. would say, and when Al. was through with John his face would brighten up and one would think he would never do wrong again. All this time I would be trembling in my shoes, knowing that my turn would come next.

I'd try the same excuse, and there was a good deal of truth in it, but it wouldn't go with Al. He'd say to me, "Mike, this won't do—see?" He'd let me off with a lecture, but the promise made lasted only while Al. was in close proximity, and I might say the same for John L.

Now let me introduce the reader to Al. Smith. Many of this generation don't know of him; many have never even heard of him. Away back in the early 60's he went into the Civil War with an Ohio regiment and fought bravely to the close. He was about twenty-four then. He was a big man—six feet two inches in height. After the war he drifted into St. Louis. At that time men did not fight so much through the papers as they do nowadays. Whenever a likely-looking fellow drifted into one of those river cities he had to fight to be recognized. In six weeks there wasn't a rough-and-tumble scrapper in St. Louis that Al. hadn't licked. Two of them I know—Pat Conley and Jake Powell, both six-footers and terrible men. They fought like

savage bulldogs. Al. nearly killed Conley, who did not recover for some weeks. Pat was a terrible fighter, but as kind-hearted as a child. There were many more, but too numerous to mention. Now, readers, this is Al. Smith. Do you wonder why we were all so meek? I ought to say here that it was not on account of Al.'s physical prowess that Sullivan and I obeyed him, but because we respected his judgment and knew what he said was best for us.

Dear old Al. is still living, a hale old man, at the Gilsey House, where he has stayed for many years. I drop in to see him occasionally, and we have a chat and laugh about old times. I often say, "By George! Al., we were more scared of you than we would be of a regiment of ordinary men—John L., too, as well as the rest of us."

The morning we arrived in New York Al. slipped two one-hundred-dollar bills in my hand, saying, "I give you this, son, for being a good boy these last two weeks." The gift was

a godsend, as I did not have five dollars in my pockets. I had received a good salary; but, as I have said before, I met so many I knew who were down and out, and between giving up to them and spending money for drink I could not keep a dollar. John L., of course, could give away more lavishly than I. After this gift Al. and I sat on the same seat and began to talk about John L. I said, "Al., you know that Charley Mitchell is in New York now, waiting for Sullivan. Take my advice and don't make a match for several weeks. I could whip John L. myself this morning. He is in horrible condition. He is more fit for a sanitarium than a prize-ring. Don't match him. Don't, for God's sake, match him. Mitchell knows that he is in this condition, as there are people all over this country who keep him posted. Now, I know what I am talking about." Al. listened attentively to me and meant to take my advice, but John L. could not keep his temper when he met Mitchell an hour later in the Ashland House. The thing happened just to suit Mitchell.

As they met, Mitchell, extending his hand, walked toward John L., saying, "Hello, John! How do you do? I'm glad to see you." John L. replied, "I'll shake hands with you after I have licked you for what you said during my absence."

"Oh, you will, will you?" said Charley.

One word brought on another, and if it hadn't been for the interference of the people present there would have been a fight then and there.

The match was made, and it was arranged that they should meet in Madison Square Garden three weeks later.

Now I will show how Billy Madden and Mitchell hoodwinked so clever a man as Al. Smith. Al. did not understand the mean, low trick they played on him until it was all over. Both men went into training, and about four days before the bout Madden telegraphed to Al. that Mitchell had malaria and could not fight, and they called the fight off. Al. immediately telegraphed to Sullivan at Boston that the fight was off.

John L. stopped training and began celebrating at his own place at Boston with a crowd of friends. This fact was published all over the country in the newspapers. At once Madden made arrangements to have the fight go on as per schedule, knowing that John could not straighten up in time to do his best. Al. then telegraphed to John L. to come on to New York, saying that all that he needed was a shave and a shampoo to beat Mitchell; but I knew better and told Al. that it was a trick of Madden's and Mitchell's to throw him off his guard and get John when he was out of condition.

However, Al. Smith allowed Sullivan to come to New York. When he arrived I went to the hotel to have a look at him, as I was a bit nervous, knowing that Mitchell, although only a middleweight, was a good man and a hard puncher, and that it would take an exceptionally good big man to beat him.

I have said at times uncomplimentary things about Charley Mitchell, but I have never at any time said he was not a good fighter.

After looking John over, and seeing his terrible condition, I said to him, "You ought to have known Madden was tricking you when he sent Al. that message saying Mitchell was sick, and that it was only intended to throw you off your guard."

John braced up a bit and said: "I guess you're right, Mike, but I can put him away for good in one punch."

"I hope so, John," I said, "but don't forget he's a clever fellow, and it will be hard for you to hit that punch in the condition you are in now." Before I left I said: "John, for God's sake, go in with a clear head, anyway. Don't take another drink before the fight." When I left him he seemed to feel better, but I was very skeptical of the result.

The fight was scheduled for ten o'clock that night. That afternoon Sullivan had a severe vomiting spell and immediately after developed a fever. Notwithstanding this fact, he went to the Garden. I saw him in his dressing-room.

He was plainly disheartened. He was leaning forward, his head in his hands, and seemed in great distress. The doctor who was attending him told me Sullivan had a fever and was in bad shape.

I left the dressing-room feeling very bad. I didn't want to see Sullivan beaten, but I knew if he went into the ring with Mitchell that night it surely would happen. I couldn't figure out any way to prevent it. Handsome Dan Murphy, of Boston, one of John L.'s warmest friends, came rushing up to me in great excitement, crying, "Mike, for God's sake, go into the dressing-room and keep the Big Fellow from going on. *He must not try to fight to-night.*"

I went back into John's dressing-room. Al. Smith was there, telling him to take off his clothes and put on his fighting togs, saying that Mitchell was ready.

I said: "My Lord! Al., you don't want to see John licked, do you?"

"No, of course not," he replied. "Look at the house—see the thousands of people."

"Well, he will not fight," I declared. "He is not fit. A little boy could push him over this minute. *If he gets into that ring to-night Charley Mitchell will beat him as sure as he's a foot high.*"

John was moaning softly at that time. Al. left and went into the adjoining dressing-room where Mitchell and Madden were. He told them Sullivan was sick and could not fight.

Mitchell hesitated a moment; then said: "Oh, well, we can go and have a little friendly 'spar,' y'know."

I said, "Not on your life, Mitchell. John L. will not be allowed to box with you to-night in the condition he is in."

"Ah! y'know, I'm sick, too."

"Yes, you are," I said. "*You* look it."

Mitchell was never in better condition in his life. His eyes were clear, an invariable sign of good condition; his flesh was firm and he looked better in every way than I had ever seen him.

After a few moments' more conversation Al. said to Madden and Mitchell, "Let's give Burke and McCaffrey five hundred dollars to box for the audience." Mitchell did not understand and said, emphatically, "I cawn't box Burke or McCaffrey here to-night." "I did not say that," said Al. "I said McCaffrey and Burke." Mitchell had thought he meant for him to box McCaffrey or Burke. Then Al. continued: "John is sick and can't box, so we must have somebody to go on." Mitchell said again, "John L. and I can have a nice, friendly 'spar,' y'know."

I repeated my declaration, and Al. stood by me.

We then went back to John's dressing-room, and Smith asked him to go on the stage and make an excuse to the audience. Poor Sullivan was half-stupefied and said, thickly: "Yes, I will, for you, Al." That was against my judgment. I told Sullivan to go back to the hotel. I knew he was making a mistake.

Of course, nobody can blame Al. Smith for squaring himself with the crowd, but I must tell the truth and say that he was more responsible for that fizzle than John L., as he should not have allowed Madden and Mitchell to fool him. Al. is an open-and-above-board man, and naturally expected square dealing from Madden and Mitchell, but, like most men of his caliber, he could be deceived easily. He was never suspicious of any one.

John L. got on the stage to make his apology. He was a pitiful spectacle, hanging on to the ropes with his head down. He certainly looked ill. He raised his hand and said, "Gentlemen, I'm dead sick. I can't fight to-night."

No one but myself can possibly realize what an effort it cost John L. Sullivan to say the words "*I can't fight to-night.*"

As John left the ring he was hooted and jeered at by the same people who had cheered his very appearance a few months before.

This affair nearly broke John's heart; for,

like all idols of the public, he was very jealous of his popularity.

The next morning I looked at the papers, and saw all of them had given him an awful roasting, except the *Sun*. Amos J. Cummings, managing editor of the *Sun*, wrote an editorial in defense of Sullivan. In order to be certain that Sullivan would see it, I went to his hotel to show it to him. Upon going to his room I found him in a very bad state of mind—rolling and tumbling in his bed, bemoaning his fate. I said, “Here, John, listen to this,” and read the article. After I finished reading the editorial he seemed to be quieter. Then I began to advise him to get into good condition, to make another match, and to give Mitchell the licking he deserved, which he was easily capable of doing when he was fit.

Just then in walked Al. Smith with a big roll of bills in his hand, saying to Sullivan, “Here is your share of the money.” I cannot recall the exact amount he had, but it must have been between \$3,000 and \$4,000.

John replied: "I don't want it. I didn't earn it. Give it to some charitable institution."

Al. threw the roll on the table, saying it was not his to give away, and walked out, not even inquiring as to John's condition. I thought that rather queer of Al. It was queer, but, however, a fact that, intelligent a man as he was, Al. Smith failed to realize that he, more than any one else, was responsible for the predicament John L. had been placed in, by reason of sending him that telegram that the match was off.

John went home and braced up, and made a match to box McCaffrey in Cincinnati. McCaffrey had been looking for this opportunity for a long time, but when he got it he liked it so well that Sullivan was kept busy sprinting after him, trying to locate him. It was like a game of tag—you're it, but you can't tag me. This alleged fight lasted for six rounds, and Sullivan would have knocked him out if McCaffrey had stood up and fought for one minute. Sullivan, of course, got the decision.

John L. then went to Chicago to meet Jack Burke, the pretended Irish lad, who was really a Jew. In the meantime half a dozen big boils had broken out on Sullivan's neck. There was some talk of postponement, but John L. would not stand for this, remarking that if Burke touched one of his boils he would only beat him quicker. They met at the racetrack—in the open. Burke looked like a small boy alongside of John L., but he was there to get the money—and licking, too. In one of the clinches he hugged John around the neck with his arm, with the evident intention of breaking one of the boils, but he was sorry for that. John shook him off and went at him like a madman, hitting him a blow and knocking him sprawling, almost putting him out. After that, Burke did the sprinting act—the same as McCaffrey had. He was a clever fellow on his legs, and his skilful sprinting and ducking saved him. He certainly could not have lasted another round. Sullivan got the decision. He would have put Burke out in a round had he been in shape.

CHAPTER VII

SULLIVAN'S LAST FIGHT IN NEW YORK

SULLIVAN then returned to Boston and took good care of himself, and a match was made for him to meet John Laughlin and Alf. Greenfield, ex-champion of England, in Madison Square Garden, the fights to occur a week apart.

He came on to New York to finish his training at the Monaca Villa, 147th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. He met Laughlin first. Laughlin measured six feet two in height, and weighed 210 pounds in condition—a perfect athlete in build, whom a great many people thought had a good chance of beating Sullivan at this time. He was trained to the minute, but it takes more than a fine build and condition to win a fight—nerve is required in conjunction with

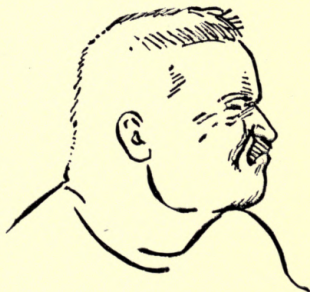
skill. When John L. got on the stage in front of him, Laughlin lost the all-important quality that goes to make up a fighting man—nerve.

Laughlin danced and jumped around like a grasshopper, but avoided coming in close to John. Whenever John would dash up close Laughlin would clinch and hold him in a vise-like grip. John L. was simply holding his arms down, trying to get a punch in. The first round did not amount to anything. In the second round there was scarcely a blow struck, Laughlin continuing his jumping and clinching tactics. When the third round was called, Laughlin rushed and clinched, and with his great strength and weight forced Sullivan against the ropes. On the rebound Sullivan swung his right like lightning, hitting Laughlin in the neck, and down he went, and was counted out. This blow was really the only one Sullivan struck him. It was a well-timed one, and in the right place. That ended Laughlin's pugilistic ambitions.



JUST
LANDED
A CORNER

MIXING
"IT"



The following week Sullivan met Greenfield. Greenfield was an extremely clever fellow, well-built, about 165 pounds in weight and about five feet nine inches tall. I sat in the audience that night among a group of Englishmen, whose conversation ran something like this: "H'alf will knock the blooming Yankee's 'ead h'off," and things of that kind. I got angry at that, after I had listened to this sort of thing a few minutes, and turning to one of them—a fighter, by the way, named Paddy Lee, "The Birmingham Boy"—told him to shut up. This stopped their talking.

When the men put their hands up, Greenfield held his arms very high, evidently looking for a blow on the jaw. John L. walked up to him as though he was not there, and he really was not much in comparison with Sullivan. Greenfield immediately clinched Sullivan, but the referee ordered him to break. This first round was a series of clinches on Greenfield's part, and no damage was done. Sullivan had not struck a

blow. He put his head forward, inviting Greenfield to hit him, but the latter was afraid to take a chance.

In the second round, after a few feints and a good deal of jumping-jack work by Greenfield, he clinched with Sullivan. John L. shook himself free, and hit him with the right arm on the neck, and sent him spinning across the ring. He went after him to finish him. Greenfield clinched again, hanging on like grim death; both of John's arms were hanging down free, as he was trying to get in a decisive blow. At this time the police authorities thought there was danger of a knockout, and Inspector Thorne and Captain Williams jumped on the stage and placed their clubs between the men. It was a lucky thing for Greenfield that the police interfered. I turned to the Englishmen and said, "Now, what do you think of your 'bum' fighter, H'alf?" Greenfield was a good man in his class, but I made this remark as a retort to what they had said before the fight.

This fight was Sullivan's last contest in New York City, although he gave several friendly exhibitions later on.

At this time Sullivan was under the management of Pat Sheedy, and shortly after the Greenfield affair left for a tour of the country. John L. was meeting all comers, and he disposed of them as easily as he had on his previous trips. A match was made for him to meet Paddy Ryan in San Francisco. He knocked Paddy out in two rounds without any trouble. The latter, however, got \$3,000 to heal his wounded feelings.

On his way home John L. met Patsy Cardiff, of Minnesota, in Minneapolis. Cardiff was a finely-built fellow above five feet eleven, and weighed 185 pounds. He was very clever, but lacked nerve. He did nothing but clinch, clinch, and the first round was a series of clinches from one end to the other. The second round was about the same. In the third John L. walked right up to him with his hands

down, trying to get him to come to him, so as to give him an opportunity to counter him. Cardiff jumped back into a corner, and as he ducked to get out John L. sprang in and uppercut him with his left hand on the top of the head, breaking his arm above the wrist. He was in great pain, but did not have to use this arm again, as Cardiff would not come within hitting distance of him after that. He was a good runner and sprinted all through the bout. Sullivan got the decision. My pupil, John Donaldson, Cardiff's partner in business out there, said that Cardiff told him that he thought Sullivan had hit him with a bar of iron when this blow landed on top of his head.

When John L. came back to New York he had to have his arm broken over again. It had been improperly set, and to this day Sullivan's left arm is crooked. It was something like a year before he put on a glove.

Sullivan had that fighting instinct which made him want to be at his profession all of the time.

He had a leather brace made for his arm, and went on the road. He stopped at Baltimore, where Kilrain was living at the time, and challenged him, but Kilrain did not accept. About this time I was giving my annual show at the Broadway Hall, New York City, where the Broadway Theater is now located. Kilrain came on to box with me. After reading the morning papers, in which Sullivan had called Kilrain a cur and blackguarded him generally, I said to Kilrain, "Why, Jake, you wouldn't let a man talk that way about you without fighting him, would you?" Kilrain excused himself by saying he couldn't get a backer.

That day I received a telephone message from the *Sun* office, asking me if Kilrain was in town, and saying they would send a man up to interview him. I replied that we were going downtown and we would call at the *Sun* office. We did call there during the day, and I introduced him to the editor. He assigned a man to interview him. The reporter got very little out

of Kilrain. It looked to me as though he was even afraid to talk, although Sullivan was hundreds of miles away.

The next time I saw Sullivan was in Boston in 1887 when I boxed with him on the night of the presentation of the \$5,000 championship belt. This was just before his trip to England, where his well-known fight with Mitchell occurred. After his return to this country in 1888 he had a very severe attack of typhoid fever, and for a long time was not expected to live. When he recovered he was only a shadow of his former self. Charley Mitchell, getting news that he was sick, thought this would be his chance to get Kilrain to beat Sullivan, Kilrain being in England at that time, posing around as champion. He accordingly sailed for this country and made a match, acting as Kilrain's backer. This fight was for \$10,000 a side, and was to take place in the neighborhood of New Orleans. About this time I received a letter from my old friend, Dave Hennessey, afterward

assassinated by the Mafia, who was then Chief of Police at New Orleans, asking me if I could not arrange to get the management of the excursions to the affair for his friend, Bud Renault.

There was an impression abroad at that time that Kilrain would not get fair play in the coming fight, and when I went to Richard K. Fox about the matter he proposed that I act as Kilrain's second and go to New Orleans at once to pave the way for the match. I cared nothing for Kilrain, but the terms were favorable. I accepted, and left a day or two later with Frank Stevenson, Mr. Fox's financial adviser, who was to manage the whole affair. I telegraphed the Chief I was coming. When we got within about seventy-five miles of New Orleans several friends of mine met us. Bud Renault was in the party. I was impressed with Renault's personality and prevailed on Stevenson to give him the excursion privilege. This caused Chief Henessey to be favorably inclined toward us.

We left the train at Green River, Mississippi, and tried to discover a good ground for the fight. We found no suitable place, and Charley Rich, who had met us there, induced us to go to Richburg, Mississippi, his home, to try and find a battleground, which we did and finally decided to hold the fight there.

We then went on to New Orleans, where I enjoyed a great reception. At the station I was met with carriages and escorted to the Southern Athletic Club. I had a glorious time in New Orleans, where I stopped with my old friend and boxing teacher, Pat Kendrick, the only man who ever gave me a boxing lesson. I was wined and dined every night, and was glad to leave to meet Kilrain and his party at Green River ten days later, for I knew I could not stand the pace I was going—the late hours knocked me out, although I hadn't had a drop of liquor during my stay there.

Kilrain was accompanied by Charley Mitchell. After shaking hands we sat down for a

chat. I noticed a stout man about 55 years of age, with a decided limp, walking up and down and watching each of us closely. I turned to Mitchell and asked who he was.

“Why, he’s Norris, the detective I hired in Cincinnati to see us through,” he replied.

“See you through?” I said. “You don’t need any one to see you through. You’ll be surprised at the reception you will get in New Orleans.”

When we reached New Orleans a committee from the Southern Athletic Club was at the station with carriages and carry-alls to meet us. They had been sent by the president of the club, Mr. Bud Walmsley. We drove to the club, where Kilrain was offered the gymnasium to finish his training, and the annex, a private house, as sleeping quarters for his party.

At the station Mitchell was met by a short, chunky man, whom he greeted cordially. I asked Stevenson who he was. He replied, “That’s Bat Masterson.” That was the first time I ever saw him.

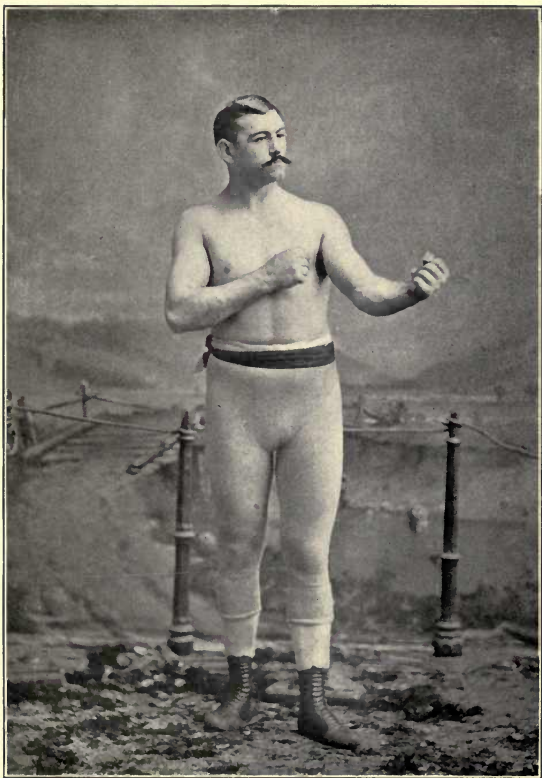
Bat never stirred from Mitchell's side until the latter left New Orleans.

During our stay at the club Mitchell ordered Kilrain around like a lackey, Jake obeying like a boy. Several members of the club spoke to me about it, saying Kilrain didn't act much like a man who could beat Sullivan.

I spoke to Kilrain about the matter the next morning, the day before the fight, saying: "Jake, what do you let Mitchell order you around for? You are the man who's going to do the fighting—not he."

He made some excuse, but conditions continued to be the same.

Mitchell had a much stronger character, and was able to dominate him. Mitchell's attitude made me mad. He posed as the big man of the party, taking the credit from Kilrain, to whom it rightly belonged. If it had not been for my agreement with Mr. Fox, who had always treated me most fairly, I would have thrown up my job then and there.



J. L. SULLIVAN—1886

That afternoon, Sunday, we left to go to the special train that was to take Kilrain and his party and Sullivan and his crowd to the battleground. I got two carriages and, putting the luggage in one, got in with Johnny Murphy, our bottle-holder, and started; Mitchell, Kilrain, Bat Masterson and Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law, following in the other.

While Johnny and I were waiting for the others, Sullivan came through the station, accompanied by Billy Muldoon, who had trained him for this fight, and Mike Cleary, his second.

Sullivan walked with a quick, springy step. As he passed he gave me a glance that bordered on contempt. In spite of this I could not help but admire his magnificent figure, as he was in excellent shape. I had not believed he could get into such fine condition. All thoughts of Kilrain's winning vanished from my mind.

I turned to Murphy and said, "Johnny, we are going to second a loser to-morrow as sure as you live." He replied, "Oh, Sullivan's only throwing a bluff."

“Kilrain will think as I do the minute he claps eyes on Sullivan,” I told him.

We waited and waited, but Kilrain and the rest did not appear. Finally the train pulled out. My first thought was that some one in the Sullivan party had put up a job on us. I rushed up to the station-master and offered him one hundred dollars to give me an engine and car to catch the train. The station-master then told me Kilrain and his party had gone to a point three blocks below the station and had sent a messenger, telling him to stop the train there for them.

I never understood this action on Mitchell's part. I can't believe Charley Mitchell was afraid to walk through that station, although he did pretend all of the time that he was in the South that he was in danger of being shot on account of his draw with Sullivan. He always carried two guns. I'm more inclined, however, to think that he was posing, in order to draw attention to himself, for Mitchell was as game a man as ever lived.

As a result of this affair I had to wait for the excursion train that night and arrived at Richburg the following morning tired out.

I went to Rich's house at once to see Kilrain. Sullivan was quartered in another house near by. Just as I got inside the door Mitchell rushed up and asked me why I hadn't taken the special train. I replied that he knew why I hadn't, saying that he allowed me to wait for him at the station without telling me he was not coming there, when we had arranged, before we left the club, that we should all meet there and get on the train together.

Mitchell kept growling about not getting the lunch he had prepared for Kilrain. I got tired of it, and said to him: "What's the matter with you, Mitchell? Do you think you are a bigger man than Sullivan? *He* walked through the station." Then I added: "I wasn't going to carry those heavy bags of yours on to the train. Why didn't you come and put them on yourself?"

I went into Rich's bedroom, where Kilrain was dressing for the fight. "Hello, Jake," I said. "How are you?" I reproached him for not coming to the station for Murphy and me. He said it was Mitchell's doing, not his. He was very nervous, although he controlled himself as best he could.

About this time Bud Renault came in and, calling me out on the porch, told me that the county magistrate had threatened to read the riot act and stop the fight unless he got \$250. Renault said Johnson, Sullivan's backer, wanted to postpone the fight and pull it off somewhere else. He asked me what to do. I knew Kilrain could not win and saw an opportunity to get out of the match and advised Renault not to give up the money.

Mitchell immediately spoke up, saying, "Give it to him. Don't you see Sullivan's afraid to fight Jake?"

"Mitchell," said I, "you were never more mistaken. You know Sullivan was never afraid of a man in his life."

The upshot of the matter was that Renault gave this grafter his \$250 and he withdrew his opposition, although he perfunctorily read the riot act from the ring.

Kilrain had not heard this conversation. Mitchell went into his room and explained the matter to him, again saying Sullivan was afraid to go on with the fight. Kilrain looked at him stonily, but did not make any comment.

CHAPTER VIII

SULLIVAN BEATS KILRAIN

As I prepared Kilrain for the ring I studied him closely. He acted more like a man going to his own execution than a man who was going to fight for the championship. He was covered with a nervous sweat, and his eyes were glazed.

We made our way through and got into the ring, arriving there first. In a few minutes Sullivan appeared, followed by Muldoon and Cleary. He was covered with a bathrobe and climbed through the ropes close to us without looking at Kilrain, and walked across the ring to his corner. He threw off his bathrobe, saying to Pat Duffy as he did so, "Watch me lick that fellow now." He turned his back to us

and extended his arms horizontally. He turned and looked over his shoulder at Kilrain with a savage frown, as much as to say, "Look at me." His great arms and flat, broad shoulders were covered with muscles. His deltoid muscles stood out so prominently that he looked like a giant. He had not been in such good shape since I met him in Boston in 1880—nine years before. He was heavily tanned from exercising in the open air. Muldoon had worked wonders with him.

I said to Kilrain, "Look at him, Jake." He looked up. The whole expression of his face changed, and he dropped his head.

A friend of mine at the ring-side whispered to me, "That fellow's licked now."

"Yes," I replied.

Time was called, and they walked to the scratch, where Jake and Sullivan shook hands. It was customary then for the seconds to shake hands also. I shook with Cleary, and Mitchell with Muldoon. We then returned to our corners.

Kilrain, in comparison with Sullivan, looked like a middleweight, although he weighed 180 pounds. He was taller than Sullivan, but was round-shouldered and looked narrow-chested.

Sullivan led his left for the head. Kilrain side-stepped and got away. Sullivan again led with his left. Kilrain ducked and clinched, trying for the fall (London Prize Ring rules). Sullivan threw him easily and fell on him heavily.

In the second round they were sparring for an opening when Kilrain stabbed his left into Sullivan's mouth, drawing a little blood, ducking to avoid a counter. Sullivan stepped back and said, "Say, Jake, can't you hit harder than that?" I heard him and cried: "It hurt him all right, Jake. Do it again."

Sullivan rushed, swinging his right; Kilrain got inside, Sullivan's arm going round his neck. He tried for the fall. Sullivan threw him.

The third opened with Kilrain rushing in to a clinch. Sullivan threw him. When Kilrain

came back to his corner Mitchell told him he was doing right in trying to wrestle with Sullivan. I said to him: "If you fight him another round like that he'll beat you. Keep away—be clever—fight at long range. Take my advice. It's your only chance."

The falls had hurt him. He was tired then, so he took my advice and kept away, and up to the thirty-fifth round falling without being hit and doing everything possible to prolong the battle.

If Sullivan had been as fast as he was at his best, Kilrain wouldn't have lasted three rounds. As it was, he carried too much flesh, weighing over 210 pounds, although he was stronger than he had been for some time.

In the thirty-fifth round Sullivan led with his left. Kilrain stepped back and tripped. Sullivan overbalanced as he led and fell with his knees on the other's neck. This was unintentional on Sullivan's part.

We carried Kilrain to his corner, with his

head rolling from side to side. He was more dead than alive. I said to Mitchell, "It's all over, Charley," as I didn't think Kilrain could come up for the next round. A glass of whisky revived him.

He kept away from Sullivan after that. In the fortieth round Sullivan was seized with a vomiting spell in the middle of the ring, due to drinking ice-cold tea and sucking a lemon, which nauseated him. The vomiting was not due to lack of condition.

I had noticed Sullivan gulping before, and told Jake to go for his stomach, but he was afraid to go near him.

Sullivan's hands were at his side, his head tilted forward. He stood that way for ten seconds. I shouted to Kilrain to hit him in the stomach, but he made no attempt to rush. Instead he said, "John, I'll call it a draw with you."

Sullivan replied, "No, we'll fight it out," and rushed at him. Kilrain fell without being hit.

Chief Henessey had promised me personal protection in case of trouble, but had warned me not to bring attention to myself. I kept advising Kilrain in a low tone, telling him not to be afraid of Sullivan's left hand, as it was sore, cautioning him, however, to avoid Sullivan's right. This nettled John L., and as he told me afterward he made up his mind to hit Kilrain once with his left to dispel this impression, and in the fiftieth round he landed fair on Kilrain's nose with his left, causing the latter to turn a back somersault. This was the cleanest and hardest blow of the fight up to that time.

I wanted Mitchell to quit then, knowing Kilrain had no chance, and fearing that if he were knocked out he'd never recover consciousness. He was very weak. Mitchell would not hear of it, and let him go on, saying from time to time: "You've got him, Jake. You've got him." It made me mad to see this game fellow sacrificed, and I said to Mitchell, "For God's sake, how, Charley?"

The fight became a farce after the fiftieth round. Kilrain was so weak he was falling from exhaustion, and Sullivan was creeping round like a snail.

It continued this way to the seventy-fourth round, when I saw Sullivan was getting stronger, and said to Kilrain: "Jake, you haven't a chance on earth. Let me give in for you."

"Mike," he said, "I'd rather die."

"All right," I said, "I'll let you fight this round; but, for God's sake, don't let him hit you in the jaw. If he does, you'll never recover consciousness."

Time was called, and he went to the scratch. He walked around the ring once, Sullivan following. He got Jake into the corner and stepped in. Kilrain was so weak he had to spread his legs to support himself. He could scarcely raise his arms. I saw Sullivan intended to hit him in the jaw, and rushed along the ropes until I was close to him and called,

“Jake, for God’s sake, put up your guard.” He raised his arms slowly, and as he did so Sullivan crashed his right to the body. Kilrain collapsed, his eyes rolling in their sockets. We carried him to his corner. He was gone.

I said: “That settles it. I’m going over.” I rushed over to the referee, John Fitzpatrick, and said, “I give over. My man’s beat.”

“Throw up the sponge, then,” he said. I did as he directed. On looking round I saw Mitchell in Sullivan’s corner and wondered what he was doing there.

Charley Johnson, Sullivan’s backer, sang out: “No, no, that don’t go. Donovan threw the sponge up.”

It seems Mitchell had asked Sullivan if he would give Kilrain \$2,000 if he’d throw up the sponge and John had assented, not because he believed he couldn’t win, but from that generous disregard of money he’d always shown.

Mitchell rushed back and picked Kilrain up and carried him to the scratch, motioning to

Sullivan, saying, "Come on; we'll fight to the death."

I'd already seen two men die from being knocked out when in an exhausted condition, and sprang out and stopped it again, saying, "I will not be a party to manslaughter." Kilrain began to cry. I said to him: "Jake, you are a game fellow. You fought the best you knew how. The papers will give you full credit." And they did.

Kilrain was so weak he couldn't get out of the ring until the ropes had been taken down.

We put him in a buggy after a great deal of trouble, as he was horribly sunburned and badly beaten. Every movement he made hurt him. We drove him down to the train.

Kilrain could never have gone through this fight without whisky, of which he drank over a quart between the rounds.

We got him aboard the train after a good deal of trouble.

Jake was suffering terribly from sunburn,

the day having been very hot. His back was a mass of huge blisters. Sullivan had no trouble in this respect, as Muldoon had trained him in the open air, and his back and arms were heavily tanned. When we got aboard the train I took a seat beside Jake and tried to cheer him up. Mitchell went forward into the smoking-car.

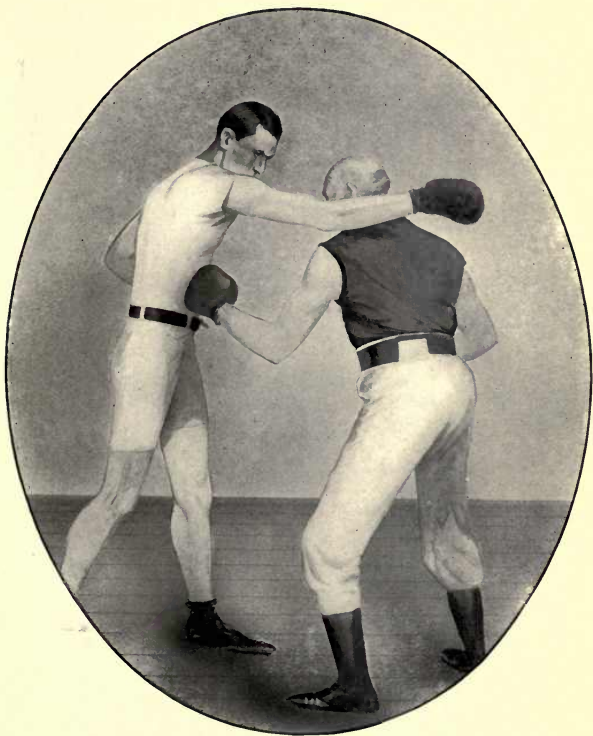
Shortly after the train started Kilrain began to groan and complain of a severe pain in his left side. This alarmed me, as I thought his heart might be affected. I rushed into the next car and inquired for a doctor. One responded, and I asked him to come back and look at Jake, as I thought he was in bad shape. He did so, and after examining him for a moment told me there was no danger, as the pain was the result of inflammation caused by the last blow Sullivan had struck him.

In a few minutes Mitchell came in and inquired as to Kilrain's condition. Jake replied quietly that he was all right. He seemed to

realize that Mitchell cared nothing for him, but had only used him as a possible means of beating Sullivan. In fact, it had been arranged that in the event of Kilrain's winning he and Mitchell would leave at once for England with their families, where Kilrain would take up his residence. Mitchell of course would have profited greatly in that event. In fact, it had been arranged for Charley Rich to stop the north-bound Cannon Ball Express to take Mitchell, Kilrain and Pony Moore aboard.

As Mitchell turned to leave I said, "Charley, if Jake had won to-day you would be sitting right where I am now." He made no reply, but grinned sarcastically and left us.

After he had gone Kilrain said to me, "Mike, you were the only true friend I had in the ring to-day." That was true, for Mitchell would have allowed Kilrain to fight as long as he could stand up, and if he had been allowed to go on after receiving the body punch Sullivan gave him in the seventy-fifth round I don't believe he would ever have left Richburg alive.



DONOVAN DUCKING RIGHT CROSS AND PUTTING LEFT TO
BODY

When we got to New Orleans we went at once to the Southern Athletic Club, where we gave Kilrain a warm bath and put him to bed. He was in horrible condition—so sore and burned that he could hardly be touched. After he had been put to bed I sent out and got several large jars of cold cream, and tearing one of my white linen shirts into strips made plasters for his blistered back.

Just then Chief of Police Henessey came in to inquire after Kilrain. Jake told him he was all right, but was pretty sore.

“Chief,” I said, “he is afraid the Mississippi State authorities will make trouble for him.”

The Chief said: “Kilrain, you needn’t worry about that. I’ll take care of you. If they come here after you they must see me first. If they don’t I’ll lock them up. You are all right.”

I left him in charge of Johnny Murphy and went down to the St. Charles Hotel, where an incident occurred of which Mitchell is in ignorance to this day.

Mitchell was posing around the hotel rotunda, treating people in a superior and patronizing manner, Bat Masterson following him like a shadow.

As I stood watching him I was approached by a young friend of mine named Reynolds. After chatting a few moments he pointed at Mitchell and said, "I'm going to kill that Englishman to-night."

"My Lord! what are you going to do that for?" I asked aghast, knowing he was a "killer" and would be as good as his word. "Didn't I second Kilrain against Sullivan to-day as well as he?"

He replied that I was all right, but it made him mad to see Mitchell strutting around putting on airs.

I told Reynolds I thought that a small excuse for killing a man, adding, "Don't you see Bat Masterson with him? He might kill you."

Quick as a flash he replied, "Well, then, I'll kill him, too."

I saw that if I didn't get Reynolds away quickly he would make trouble, so I induced him to go downstairs to the other bar of the hotel to talk things over. I did my best to get him to say he would not do as he threatened, but he was obstinate and finally insisted on returning to the rotunda. When we got upstairs I found, much to my relief, that Mitchell and Masterson had left the place.

At four o'clock the next morning Mitchell came to Kilrain's room and saw him for the first time since he left him a few minutes out of Richburg. He told him the Mississippi State authorities were in town after them and urged him to leave, telling him to put on his clothes and come at once.

Kilrain got up and dressed. How he ever got his clothes on in the condition he was, let alone bearing the weight of them, is more than I can understand.

It was a strange thing that Kilrain had the pluck to put up the fight he did against Sulli-

van, but lacked the moral courage to say "no" to Mitchell, as he must have known, after Chief Hennessey's assurances, that he was perfectly safe. Mitchell, however, dominated him completely, and he obeyed his every command without question. They left town on the first train.

That day I was approached by the detective whom Mitchell had hired as a bodyguard in Cincinnati. He was wild with rage, saying that Mitchell had promised him \$250 for his services and had skipped without paying him for protecting him on the way down. Norris afterward went to the Governor of Mississippi and induced him to issue warrants for the principals and seconds concerned in the fight, telling the Governor he would guarantee to bring them back for trial.

He at once started in pursuit of Mitchell and Kilrain, following them through Arkansas, Missouri and Indiana, and finally overtaking Kilrain in Baltimore, where he placed him under arrest.

They had a hard time, leaving trains at way stations and driving across the country in buggies, trying to throw him off the scent.

As a result of this foolishness, which could all have been avoided if Mitchell had paid his honest debt to Norris, Billy Muldoon, Mike Cleary and myself were forced to return to Mississippi in the winter of 1890 to answer the charge of being directly implicated in the Sullivan-Kilrain fight.

When we reached Richburg, Mississippi, where the fight had occurred, Mr. Charley Rich put up security for our bail, which saved us from lying in jail until the following June.

While we were in Richburg we received an offer from Mr. Walmsley, whom I have mentioned before, to give a combination boxing and wrestling exhibition in New Orleans on a basis of 60 per cent. of the gross receipts. We gave the show and succeeded in making enough to pay the expenses of our trip from New York and during our stay in the South, so we were very well satisfied.

CHAPTER IX

CORBETT COMES ON THE SCENE

WHILE we were in New Orleans Jim Corbett, who was just coming into prominence, was matched to fight Jake Kilrain, who was also in New Orleans, six rounds at the Southern Athletic Club about a week later. Corbett arrived in town from San Francisco, and as soon as he learned I was there he expressed a desire to see me, and a meeting was arranged. The next day he came to see me.

There were several men besides myself in the room, but he walked straight up to me, saying: "How are you, Mike? I'm glad to meet you."

"How did you know me?" I asked.

Corbett laughed and then explained that he had heard a great deal about me from my

friends in San Francisco, and that they had described my appearance and shown him so many photographs that he would have known me anywhere.

When we sat down I had a chance to look him over. He was a big boy in appearance; tall and slender, but with wide shoulders and clean-cut limbs. I liked his looks very much on the whole.

I asked him what kind of a man Peter Jackson was, more to sound his knowledge of boxing than to learn anything about Jackson.

He sprang up and assumed a boxing position, showing me how Jackson delivered a blow and how he used his legs. He imitated to perfection that little backward skip which Jackson could do so well.

When he had finished he had given us an actual picture of Jackson in action and also shown me that he understood the art of boxing thoroughly. I told Corbett he had come along just in time to beat John L.

He appeared to be much surprised at my statement, and protested that he could not beat Sullivan, saying the latter was much too big for him.

I asked him if he had ever seen Sullivan box, and he told me he had seen him beat Robinson and Paddy Ryan in San Francisco a few years before.

I told him that Sullivan now and Sullivan at the time he beat Paddy Ryan were altogether different propositions, and added that he, being a boy when he saw the fights, probably had an exaggerated idea of the ability of both men, and that a little more fighting experience would probably make him see things in a very different light. I told him the coming fight with Kilrain would be a good thing for him in the way of experience, adding that Sullivan would not fight again for another year, and that every year he remained idle would make John L. easier to beat, while he would be gaining knowledge and experience. Corbett then asked me

some questions as to Kilrain's ability and his style of boxing.

In the room with us at this time were several friends and admirers of Kilrain, and as I did not like to speak freely in their presence I said to Corbett, in a low tone, that if he would go with me to a restaurant in St. Charles Street I would give him all the information I could in regard to Kilrain.

Accordingly, Corbett, my old friend Pat Kendrick, his son James and myself went across to a little restaurant and got a quiet table in a corner. We had a long talk concerning Kilrain, and I gave Corbett all the information I had at my command. Pat Kendrick, who had been a very clever man in his younger days and who was a close student of the game, also gave him a great many valuable suggestions. After we had been talking for an hour or more I told Corbett that, if he wished us to, I would come to his training quarters and show him all I could about Kilrain, and that I would bring

Mr. Kendrick and his son with me, in order that they might coach him if necessary, although I added I did not think that would be necessary. When I reached his quarters that evening I illustrated Kilrain's style of boxing to Corbett, showing him that while Jake was clever in guarding and ducking, he was too slow on his feet to be a really clever boxer.

When I finished speaking Corbett commenced to "shadow-box," that is, dance in and out before an imaginary opponent, leading, feinting and ducking with remarkable speed.

He displayed to me then the wonderful footwork and skill which afterward caused him to be spoken of as the cleverest heavyweight in the world.

It is needless to say I was much impressed by his work-out, for in addition to his great cleverness, Corbett was at that time a fine specimen of physical manhood. He is over six feet in height and weighed then about 170 pounds. He was the ideal athlete, his muscular development

being beautifully symmetrical. He has good shoulders, a small waist and long, perfectly modeled limbs. His eyes were bright and limpid, and his skin as clear as that of a child. In addition to his skill and physical perfection, Corbett showed unmistakable signs of strength and great endurance.

When he had finished his shadow-boxing, I told him that if he would keep cool and not get nervous Kilrain would not be able to lay a glove on him for a month. This gave him confidence, as he realized I knew Kilrain like a book.

The talk then turned to Corbett's future, and I told him if he would come to New York after the fight I would introduce him to every one connected with boxing there, who was worth knowing, and who would be of great service to him later on. He said he would have to return to San Francisco after the Kilrain fight, but that he intended to come to New York immediately after that.

I left wishing him all kinds of good luck and

he promised to look me up when he came to New York.

The next day I dropped in at the Cotton Exchange to see Mr. Walmsley, whom I found in his office with another gentleman, a Mr. Merritt.

When Mr. Walmsley heard I had been out to see Corbett he asked me what I thought of him.

I said: "Mr. Walmsley, this young fellow Corbett is going to give you a surprise."

"How so?" he asked. "You surely don't think he can beat Kilrain, do you?"

"As sure as you're alive," I answered. "Corbett is a good man, and if you have a fair referee there is no doubt about it. All he needs is a fair show. Kilrain is a favorite in the club, and it may be hard to find a referee who will be impartial."

He assured me Corbett would get fair treatment, saying that if he was the best man he would win.

He did not take my prediction very seriously, however, as he thought, like many others, that

Kilrain's fight with Sullivan showed him to be the best man in the country outside of John L., when, as I have explained, Kilrain would not have lasted one round with Sullivan if he had stood and fought him face to face.

He said to me: "Why, Mike, Kilrain's a great fighter."

I replied: "Very well, Mr. Walmsley, but after it's over remember what I have just told you."

Before I left his office he asked me who I thought would be a good man to act as referee. I replied that I didn't know any man in the club who knew more about boxing than Mr. Merritt, who was still in the room, and that I didn't think a better choice could be made.

Mr. Merritt thanked me for the compliment, and Mr. Walmsley arranged for him to act as referee.

I bade them good-by and started for the station, as I was leaving for New York on the four-thirty train.

Corbett met Kilrain a week or so afterward and justified my faith in him by getting the decision easily. Kilrain could not do anything with him.

About six weeks after his fight with Kilrain, Corbett came in to see me at the New York Athletic Club. I arranged to have him made my guest there. Corbett and I boxed every day for a month, he helping me with my pupils.

I told Corbett he was just the man to beat Sullivan, adding that John L.'s tour around the country would not improve him any, and telling him that if he didn't go after Sullivan, Slavin, the Australian, who was coming to the front rapidly, would do so. I told Jim I would rather have him beat Sullivan, as he was an American and also thought that on that account Sullivan would give him the first chance.

In our daily sparring I imitated John L. as nearly as possible, emphasizing above everything else Sullivan's three blows:

A chop with the left to beat down his opponent's guard;

Shooting in the right fist like a cannon-ball;
or

Swinging the right arm on the neck like a club.

Corbett constantly practiced avoiding these blows.

His improvement was remarkable, owing to his unusual intelligence and quickness to grasp new ideas. For example, I will say that during the first week I could hit him in the body pretty often, but after that time it became almost impossible to reach him.

Corbett's head was always hard to reach. In fact, he might well boast that no one was ever able to mark him.

Corbett was at the beginning only a long-range boxer. I taught him how to get in close and put force in his blows so as to punish his opponent's body.

About this time I told Jim I thought he ought to do something to show people in New York just what he could do. He said that he was

willing, and I went to Billy O'Brien, Dominick McCaffrey's manager, and asked him if we couldn't arrange for Jim and Dominick to give a four-round exhibition.

He assented and the match was arranged for a week or so later. The men met and the bout was stopped in the third round by the referee, McCaffrey hanging on the ropes helpless, the result of Corbett's effective body punching at close quarters.

This match caused a great deal of comment, and Corbett came into prominence at once; being talked about all over the country, and the newspapers published columns about him.

After this affair he returned to San Francisco, where he became boxing instructor of the Olympic Club at a salary of \$2,500 a year. I then went to Mississippi again, where I was fined for my connection with the Sullivan-Kilrain fight.

I at once returned to New York, and at that time I wrote Corbett, saying the thing he needed

most was work with heavy tools, and advising him to do three or four hours' work a day in some friend's blacksmith shop.

Physical labor strengthens an athlete more than gymnasium work, as the jarring of the muscles and tendons from striking heavy blows gives him a toughness and power of resistance which he cannot gain in any other way.

Corbett had never done any manual labor, and while his muscles were well developed, they lacked the toughness of fiber from hard work in early youth. He followed my advice and did this for some weeks. About this time (1891) a match was made for him with Peter Jackson, the great Australian champion.

Jackson, as a matter of fact, was born in Kingston, Jamaica, and went to Australia when he was about 15 years old, as a cabin boy on a ship.

This fight lasted over sixty rounds, being declared "no contest," neither man being able to finish the other.

After this fight Corbett went on the road under the management of William A. Brady. Jackson challenged Corbett to a return fight, but the latter evaded the issue, saying he wanted a year's rest.

About this time Sullivan returned from Australia, and as his trip had not turned out very successfully, he challenged Slavin and Mitchell—who were in this country at the time—and “that pillow pusher” Corbett.

Mitchell and Slavin were in New York. Mitchell was very anxious to have Slavin meet Sullivan.

He went to Richard K. Fox in an attempt to get him to back Slavin.

Billy Madden had brought Slavin and Mitchell to this country and arranged the match with Kilrain for Slavin. Slavin by beating Kilrain made a large amount of money for himself and Mitchell.

Far from being grateful, he and Mitchell abandoned Madden. Madden in the meantime

had gone to Mr. Fox and told him the facts in regard to this matter, and he refused to give them backing.

Corbett came to town a few days later and telephoned me, asking me to meet him at the Coleman House.

The first thing I said to him when we met was: "Jim, you must get this match." He told me Brady was willing to put up \$2,500 of the \$10,000 necessary as a stake, but would not put it up until the rest was promised. I said to him: "Nail Sullivan now. Brady must make the match. I'll put up a thousand myself and find \$1,500 more. There's half the money. Besides this, I think Mr. Edward Kearney will put up \$1,250 and Phil Dwyer that much more. There's \$7,500. You can go on the stage and make \$2,500 more."

He replied: "Brady won't make the match unless all the money is promised."

We left the Coleman House and went to the Hoffman House. After stopping there a few

minutes we went on to Koster & Bial's concert hall to talk matters over.

On the way I kept insisting that he should force Billy Brady to make this match.

We had just taken our seats when an usher spoke to me, saying that a gentleman in an opposite box wanted to see me. I looked over and saw it was Colonel Frederick McLewee. I went over at once, taking Jim with me. After introducing Corbett to Colonel McLewee, he asked me what I was doing there.

I said: "We are looking for money to bind a match with Sullivan for Jim here. We have got \$5,000 and we want the rest of the money before we go on with the match. Corbett is sure to beat Sullivan."

"Well, Mike," he said, "you've always spoken pretty highly of this young fellow," and after a few moments added: "I'll find \$2,500 for you. There's \$7,500."

After talking a few minutes, Colonel McLewee, taking a fancy to Corbett, said: "Boys,

I'll find the other \$2,500. Now you have got your \$10,000. Go ahead and fight."

Needless to say both Corbett and I were overjoyed, and after thanking the Colonel we left and went home happy.

Two or three days later Brady met Charley Johnson, Sullivan's backer, at the New York *World* office and made arrangements for the match, which was to take place September 7th. It was then about the middle of March.

After this Corbett went on the road with his show and returned to New York about the middle of June and started training at Asbury Park, New Jersey, in charge of Brady.

A short time after this Colonel McLewee sent for me from Monmouth Park, where his racing stable was located, and told me that on account of having seen Corbett out late one night, a violation of training rules and a breaking of Corbett's promise to him, he didn't feel like putting up the second \$2,500. I was thunderstruck, as money was not so easy to get for that match.

I argued with him, telling him it would place me in a fearful position. I remained overnight with him and didn't sleep a wink.

The next morning at breakfast the Colonel asked me how I felt. I replied I had not slept and that I was worried.

"Mike," he said, "I wouldn't go back on you for anything in the world. Corbett doesn't deserve my support, but if you can't get the money anywhere else I'll put it up for you; not for Corbett, understand."

I telegraphed Corbett to come at once to Monmouth Park and meet me there. He arrived in the course of an hour and I told him that he had broken his word to Colonel McLewee and me. He started to make excuses. I broke in on them and said:

"Well, Colonel McLewee won't put up the money."

"What?" he cried. "What will we do now?"

I knew he was a high-strung, nervous fellow and was afraid the excitement would hurt him,

so I reassured him, saying: "Don't worry, Jim. I'll get the money all right. I'll go inside the track now and see Phil Dwyer [the stakeholder], but regardless of what he says you can rely on me to get the money."

He waited while I saw Dwyer. The latter seemed reluctant to put up anything and said that he would see. That didn't satisfy me, so I left him and returned to Corbett.

Jim walked back to Asbury Park and I took the train.

After taking supper with him I returned to the city and went at once to the Gilsey House to see Al. Smith.

I found him in the rotunda, and calling him aside, told him the circumstances. I then said: "Al., Phil Dwyer won't find that money. I've got a thousand I'll put up. Can you let me have the other \$1,500?"

"Mike," he said, "I'd like to help you out, but as you know I've managed Sullivan and been on the road with him. Everybody knows

I've made a lot of money through my connection with him. What would people think of me if I backed Corbett against him?"

"Al," I said, "if you can give it to me nobody will be the wiser. It will help me out."

"Mike," he declared, "you can't afford to lose a thousand dollars."

"I won't lose it, Al," I replied. "Jim is sure to beat John L."

He hesitated for a moment, then said: "Mike, I'll find you the \$2,500 if you can't get it from any one else, but I don't want to be mixed up in this match for the reasons I've given you."

I went out and telegraphed Corbett that I had the money, and the next day Mr. Kearney put up \$1,250 and induced Dwyer to do the same.

On Sunday morning, our sleeper and exercising car were detached at Charlotte, North Carolina, as Corbett wanted to go down by easy stages, so as to get more road work. Billy Brady procured two carriages and we all took a



DONOVAN SIDE STEPPING LEFT AND PUTTING RIGHT TO
SOLAR PLEXUS

ride about two miles out of the town. When we got out that distance, Jim jumped out of his hack. I asked him what he was going to do. "Why, run to town," said he. I told him that he was very foolish to run back and inhale all that dust, at the same time pointing at the clouds of dust. I was astonished, and told him it would do him more harm than good, and besides it was too hot a day to run so far. He ought to run about a mile and get into the carriage and ride through the town to the car. He took his exercises with Jim Daly, and Delaney, as usual, stood by looking wise, until the time of the rubbing-down process came. Then he took a hand the same as any other laborer would. That being finished, a party of gentlemen waited on Corbett and invited him and his party to the club, which was made up of the best people in the town. I did not go, as I had met two young men who knew me and they invited me to take a walk around the village, which I did and enjoyed it very much. The

evening came. I was walking up the main street with my friends when we met a gentleman by the name of Chapman, a doctor. He was in front of his own home and he brought out chairs and we began chatting. He was very interesting. I soon discovered that he had been a Confederate soldier, which, of course, made him much more interesting to me. The conversation drifted on to the late war, and I can assure the reader that he saw service, too. While we were talking one of the newspaper staff, Mr. Langdon Smith, who represented the *World*, came by and called me aside, saying: "Mike, did you hear the news? There is a minister here, named So-and-so, who is going to get a warrant for Jim's arrest for running through the street in a sweater on the Sabbath day. We are going to be booked on the regular train at 2 o'clock. Don't say anything about it. We will give the minister the slip."

I promised to keep quiet, but I did not believe the story, because I knew the Southern

people too well. After he had gone I sat down and began chatting again. I said: "Dr. Chapman, can I take you into my confidence?" knowing if a Southerner gives his word it's like his bond. "Why, of course you can," said he. I asked him if he knew a clergyman in the town by the name of So-and-so. "Why, yes, he is my pastor," said the doctor, "and I am a deacon of his church." "Well," said I, "he is going to get a warrant out for Corbett the first thing in the morning, for breaking the Sabbath day, and running through the village with a sweater on." He jumped to his feet like a flash of lightning and sang out in a high tone: "It's a confounded lie. That man would no more do such a mean, low thing than commit suicide. He is an honorable gentleman, professor. Don't believe it." I said: "Dr. Chapman, your word goes with me."

I saw in an instant that it was a scheme on Billy Brady's part to get cheap advertisement, which proved to be true. I went down to the

station and procured paper in the telegraph office and wrote to my friend Harry Kehoe at the N. Y. A. C., telling him of the outrageous insult that was to be imposed on the people that treated us with nothing but kindness. As I was writing, Billy Brady came to me and said: "Mike, we are going to slip out of this town at 2 P.M. Go around to the back of the train and get on. Don't let any one see you." I replied, "I will get on just as I got off. Don't mind me. I can take care of myself anywhere." We left at the time appointed, most of them sneaking around as though they had committed some crime. The train came along and I stepped on. Corbett all this time was in bed. The next morning this outrageous story went the rounds of the Associated Press. We went on about 75 miles to a little town in South Carolina. We went to a hotel, Corbett staying in bed in his car. We had two or three hours' sleep. I got up and had breakfast and took a walk up the main street

and looked down a lane, in which I saw a queer-looking old stone building at its end. I walked up to the gate and heard a sweet voice singing a hymn. I looked up at the window, which I saw had bars on it. A man appeared and said: "Say, boss, have you any tobacco?" I saw that it was a jail. I replied: "No, but I have some good cigars which I will be glad to give you. How am I to pass them up?" "Oh, boss," said he, in a very marked Southern accent, "just leave them on the gate-post and the jailer will soon be here and give them to me." I did as directed, putting all the cigars that I had on the post, four or five, and was sorry that I did not have more. All this time the singer was still going on, the others joining in the chorus. I inquired: "Who is the girl singing that hymn?"

"Oh, boss," he said, "she is the nigger girl that is going to be hung next Friday."

"Good Lord, how can she be so happy and going to be hung?"

"Oh, those niggers don't know any better," said he.

"What is she going to be hung for?" I inquired.

"For giving a baby poison that she was nurse for."

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Thirteen years old, boss."

"Good heavens! Are they going to hang a child?"

"Yes, boss," he said. "There is a petition being signed, asking Governor Tillman for clemency. I don't think that the old Governor will respite her. You know he don't like bad niggers, boss."

I bade my new-found friend good-by. He replied: "I am very much obliged, boss. What's your name?"

"Oh, never mind my name. You are as welcome as the flowers in May. I am only sorry that I haven't more cigars with me to give you."

"Good-by, boss, and good luck."

I felt somehow that it was a good omen that sent me that way. I left two half dollars on the gate-post with the cigars.

CHAPTER X

CORBETT STARTS FOR THE BATTLE WITH SULLIVAN

CORBETT and his party left New York on September 4th for New Orleans, where the fight was to take place before the Olympic Athletic Club.

I joined them at Washington, where, by the way, I had my pocket picked, losing a pocket-book containing \$75.

The party consisted of Jim, Brady, myself and about twelve or fifteen of Corbett's friends. We had a sleeper, diner and a baggage car fitted up with a punching bag and chest weights.

On the second day out Corbett, Brady, Delaney and I were having dinner, and when dessert was served Corbett took apple sauce and cream. He ate one plate and asked for another. This apple sauce had been made by Brady's

wife a couple of days before and, of course, it was not fresh.

I knew this was the worst thing Corbett could eat, as it was sure to disarrange his stomach, so I spoke up, saying: "Jim, you ought not eat any more of that."

Corbett was exceedingly nervous and irritable as the result of his hard training and his natural anxiety as to the outcome of the fight.

He leaned over toward me and snapped out: "Why? Why shouldn't I eat it?"

As I didn't want to irritate him further I dropped the matter.

Delaney paid no attention to what I said and gave Corbett another liberal portion.

Shortly after dinner Corbett went back to the exercising car, where his bed was, and I followed.

I found him sitting on his bed, but could not make up my mind as to what would be the most tactful way of approaching him. I walked up and down the car several times, puffing at my cigar.

Finally a thought struck me and I walked up to Corbett, saying: "Jim, I'd give \$10,000 to be in your boots this minute."

He looked quickly and snapped out:

"Why?"

"*Why?*" I said. "I'd lick Sullivan without as much as a black eye. Then I'd go on the road and make a hundred thousand dollars in a year."

This interested him, as it was, of course, the subject uppermost in his mind.

I sat down beside him on the bed and commenced to tell him what a wreck Sullivan was; that he hadn't been able to train on account of the rheumatism in his knees and feet. He knew I was telling the truth, as I had had weekly reports from the Sullivan training camp at Canoe Place Inn, Long Island.

"Why, Jim," I said, "he is so slow he can't get out of his own way. His stomach muscles are all gone, and he is flabby. You can lick him in a punch."

—

This quieted him down and I told him that he must not eat any more such stuff as the apple sauce he had at dinner. He agreed that I was right.

There was a pair of gloves lying in a satchel on the floor. Jim picked them up and went in to the front of the car, calling to me to accompany him. I followed, wondering what fancy had struck him.

He put on the gloves and turned around, making two or three feints at my jaw and body with his left. I stood looking at him with my hands at my side.

“What do you want me to do?” I asked.

“I want you to do the first thing Sullivan will do,” he said.

“All right,” I answered, and did, as I had done scores of times before, showing him how Sullivan would slap his thigh several times with his left hand in order to get started, then try to break down his guard or disconcert him with his strong chopping left; then swing his right for

the neck and jaw, using his arm as though it was a club.

I then warned him to look out for Sullivan's right-arm swing in the clinches and breakaways.

Corbett said: "Why, he can't hit me in the clinches under the Marquis of Queensberry rules."

"Never mind about the rules," I said. "If Sullivan gets a chance to hit you in a clinch he'll do it, and if he lands that right swing on your neck and puts you out nobody will decide against him. That's the only blow he can hit you and he can't land that if you keep your head."

Corbett pulled off his gloves, saying as he did so: "If that's all he can do, he'll never hit me."

His confidence seemed to have returned.

We went back and sat on the edge of his bed and after a moment he asked me if a glass of wine would hurt him. I knew it wouldn't, as it would quiet his nerves and help him to sleep, the thing he most needed, so I told him no, add-

ing that a pint of champagne, sipped slowly, would do him good.

Corbett called for Delaney and told him to give him a glass of wine. Delaney went to the ice-box and got out a pint, and after pouring out a glass for Corbett put it back. After Corbett had finished sipping it he asked me if I thought another glass would hurt him. I told him no, to drink the rest of the pint. He called to Delaney to give him the bottle.

Delaney replied: "No, no, Jim; you ought not drink any more."

Corbett shouted: "Give me that bottle. I know what's good for me."

Delaney handed it over.

In a few minutes Delaney prepared Jim for bed.

I went to my berth and lay there, rolling and tossing for about three hours, unable to sleep. I was fearful as to the effects of the apple sauce on Corbett in conjunction with his nervousness, knowing that if he lost I couldn't show my face

around the New York Athletic Club where I had praised Corbett. In addition to this I had induced three members of the club to subscribe to the stake. They were Colonel McLewee, Edward Kearney, Jr., and his father. For Jim to lose this fight spelled ruination for me.

About three o'clock in the morning I rose and went into the other car to smoke, in an effort to quiet my nerves. I got into conversation with a gentleman who was standing at the door. He was a prominent business man in New Orleans and a great admirer of Sullivan. After we had been there a few minutes who should appear but Corbett.

"What are you doing here?" I asked him.

"Mike," he said, "you were right; that — apple sauce has made me sick. I've just taken some blackberry brandy."

"Well, you go back to bed now and if you don't feel better let me know and I'll fix you up."

After he had left I turned to the gentleman

and said: "You see what a big boy he really is. He knows no better than to talk like that before strangers. I hope you won't repeat what you've heard."

He assured me he would not, but Charley Johnson heard of it and offered to send a doctor to Corbett's quarters. We kept this from Corbett.

When we reached New Orleans we were met by a delegation from the Southern Athletic Club and Corbett and party drove to the club, which they made their headquarters during their stay in New Orleans.

I went out to the home of my old friend's son, James J. Kendrick, who met me. I needed sleep, and knew I would not get it if I went to the club with the rest of the crowd.

That afternoon I went to the house where Corbett was staying. He was not there, having gone out for a drive.

I met there Dinny Dillon, an old San Francisco friend of Corbett's, who came down from

New York with us. I told him I thought Brady and Delaney were misleading Corbett and said it was a shame.

“You know, Dinny,” I said, “my only interest is to see Jim win. My friends have backed him, and I’ve got more to lose than any man in the party.”

He told me he knew that was true, but that he couldn’t help matters any.

After leaving him I went down to the club and shook hands with a number of my old friends, including Mr. Edward Merritt, whom I have mentioned before as referee of the Corbett-Kilrain fight.

From the club I went to the St. Charles Hotel, where I met George Siler, the famous referee, who was an old friend of mine.

He took me aside and said: “Mike, you be here to-morrow morning about nine or ten o’clock and I may have something to tell you.”

I was there on time the next morning and saw Siler for a moment. He asked me to wait

until he came back. I sat smoking and chatting with a crowd of my old friends who were coming in right along.

About 1 o'clock Siler rushed in and motioned to me.

"Mike," he said, "John L. has tried to get drunk."

"How do you know?" I demanded.

"A friend of mine from Chicago, the editor of an evening paper here, has every bellboy in the St. Charles Hotel [where Sullivan was staying] paid to give him information about Sullivan. They have just had a big row in his room."

I jumped into a carriage and started for Corbett's quarters, taking with me John Donaldson, the famous second, who had trained and seconded Jim against Jackson.

On the way out I kept thinking about poor John L. I knew he was going to be beaten and felt sure he realized what a physical wreck he was. Under the circumstances, can any one blame him for turning to drink?

Donaldson said: "Mike, I'd like to second Corbett to-night."

"John," I said, "he's gotten away from me. Delaney and Brady have him under their control. I'm going to give him this information, though."

When we reached the house I went in, Donaldson remaining outside.

I found Corbett reading some telegrams.

"Hello, Jim!" I said. "How do you feel?"

He turned on me and asked in a surly manner: "What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

I knew he was referring to my remarks of the day before to Dinny Dillon.

I was tempted to retort, but checked myself.

"Jim, I didn't come here to quarrel with you. I came to bring you information," I said quickly, in order to soothe him.

"Didn't I tell you Sullivan would start to drink at the eleventh hour when he realized he would be beaten?"

"Yes!" he said, jumping up.

I then repeated to him the story as Siler had told it to me. This quieted him at once, and he sat down.

"But remember, Jim," I said, "Sullivan will be all right when he goes into the ring." Then I continued: "Jim, I've never asked you for a favor yet, have I?" He shook his head.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"I want you to grant it before I ask it."

"It's granted, Mike," he said.

I said: "I want John Donaldson to second you. He'll know what to do in case anything happens. He's seconded you before and knows how to handle you."

"What about Daly?" he asked.

"Let him step aside," I said. "This is no time for trifling. Donaldson is a man of experience and can help you."

"All right," he said. "Where is John?"

I called Donaldson in and told him what had happened. He and Corbett shook hands.

Jim and I talked for a while. Then he went in to lie down for a few minutes. I went in and sat down beside his bed.

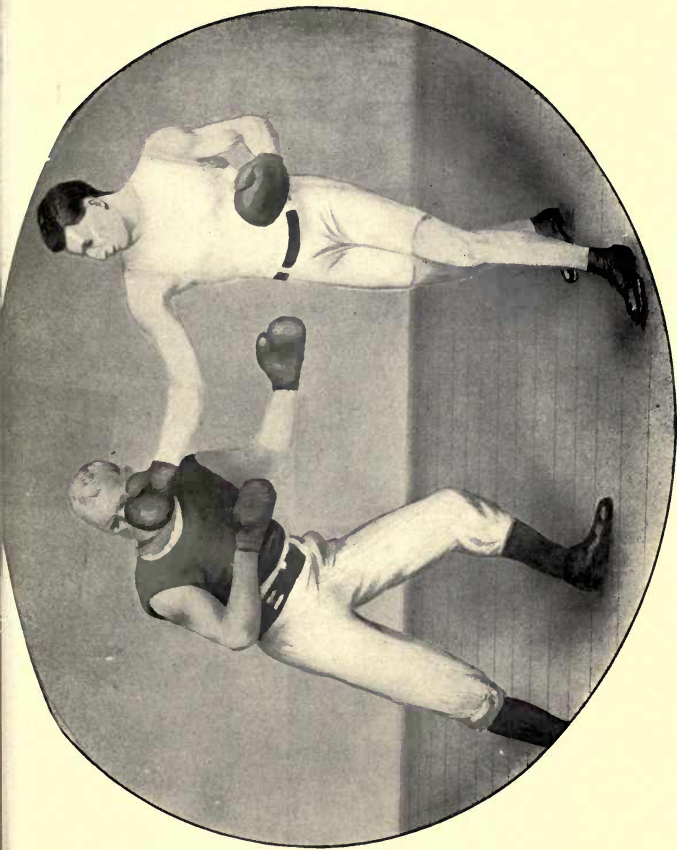
“Now, Jim,” I said, “I’m going to say a few more words to you about the fight. Remember all I’ve told you about him. Fight him carefully a couple of rounds until you see for yourself that he’s just as I’ve told you. Then use your judgment. I’ll see you to-night.”

I then went to the Southern Athletic Club, where Mr. Walmsley invited me to go down to the fight in one of his carriages.

We left for the arena.

When we reached the Olympic Club I went at once to Corbett’s dressing-rooms. After I shook hands with him I said: “Jim, take off your shoes and lie down on the lounge and get some rest. The fight won’t come off for an hour or so.”

He started to do as I had told him. I turned away and started to talk to Gene Comisky, the representative of the New York *Evening Telegram*, a pupil of mine.



RIGHT CROSS-COUNTER BY PUPIL

While Corbett was taking off his shoes Delaney walked up to him (so I was afterward told by Jim Daly) and said: "I don't want Donovan to go in the ring with you to-night."

I saw Corbett slam his foot down on the floor and heard him say: "He's my friend, and he'll go in the ring, understand that!"

I turned round and said to Delaney: "What's the matter with you? What are you exciting him for?"

Delaney walked away without saying anything.

I turned to Corbett and said: "Jim, take your shoes off, and lie down." He did so.

In about three-quarters of an hour we started for the ring.

As we passed through the crowd and walked around to our corner, Corbett received a cheer. I remained outside the ropes in the outer ring.

In about five minutes Sullivan entered and received a tremendous ovation.

I had told Jim that when Sullivan entered the

ring he would glare and scowl in an effort to intimidate him. My prediction was correct.

I called Jim's attention to Sullivan's scowls and he looked up for the first time. His eyes met Sullivan's and he looked up at me and laughed loudly.

Sullivan's seconds busied themselves with him.

It was the first time I had seen him stripped since the Kilrain fight, and I can truthfully say I never saw a man enter the ring in such bad condition. His massive shoulders had shrunk. His arms were flabby and looked weak. His stomach was covered with layers of fat. His eyes were heavy and swollen as the result of dissipation.

I believe Sullivan realized his Waterloo had come.

I said to Corbett: "Look at him, Jim. What did I tell you? You can lick him in a punch. Don't mind his head. Punish his body."

I told Corbett that when he shook hands with

Sullivan in the middle of the ring the latter would try to crunch his fingers and throw his arm aside, in order to impress the crowd. I had warned him to get a good grip on John L.'s hand and hold fast.

Sullivan did try to throw Jim's hand aside, but Jim hung on and laughed at him. John was taken aback, as his former opponents had been scared half to death before the fight.

Corbett was the first exception to the rule. He was as gay as a dancing master as he skipped away, and he turned and looked back over his shoulder, grinning at Sullivan and making some contemptuous remark.

He was the first man who had ever dared to treat the mighty John L. in this summary fashion, and the Big Fellow was surprised. Although people generally don't know it, the clash of minds has as much to do with winning fights as the crash of fists. Corbett kept up the comedy after returning to his corner, pointing at Sullivan and laughing at him.

Time was called by John Duffy, the referee.

Both men stepped briskly to the center of the ring. Sullivan slapped his left hand on his thigh several times, chopped with his left and then swung his right. Corbett skipped away and avoided the rush easily.

Again Sullivan rushed and Corbett side-stepped, jumping aside as lively as a cricket. Sullivan kept trying to get within hitting distance of Jim, but the latter was too elusive.

The second round was a repetition of the first, Sullivan rushing and Corbett avoiding him easily.

In the third round John started with a rush and Corbett side-stepped, swinging his left like lightning to Sullivan's nose as he did so. The blood spurted from John L.'s nose like a crimson fountain. It was the first blow Corbett had landed, but it was a telling one.

Corbett jabbed John L. at will on the nose and jaw for the rest of the round.

Sullivan seemed all at sea and unable to

guard, and when he returned to his corner he was in a most dilapidated condition, his face, arms and chest being covered with blood.

When Corbett returned to his corner he said to me, "Old man, you're right," meaning I had been right when I told him how John L. would fight.

I advised Corbett to punch Sullivan in the stomach for the next couple of rounds, which would have finished him, but, to my surprise, he jumped around like a grasshopper through the fourth, fifth and sixth rounds, allowing Sullivan to recover to some extent from the blows he had received in the third round, although he was still bleeding profusely.

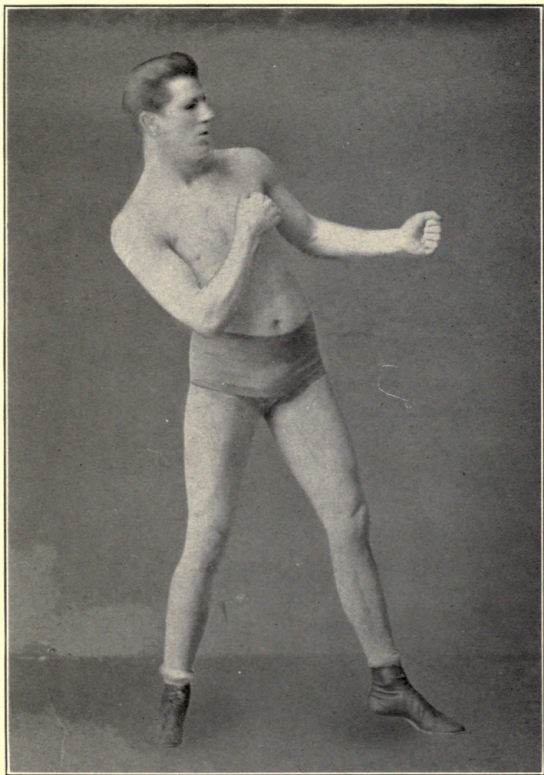
When he came to his corner I said to him: "Jim, don't you see he's recovering? Go in close to him. He can't hit you."

When the next round, the seventh, opened, he walked right up to Sullivan, and as John L. drew up his left to chop it down on Corbett's guard, Jim sunk his right and left into his op-

ponent's body several times, causing him to double up like a jack-knife with agony. These blows were the result of the training I had given him at the New York Athletic Club the first time he came to New York.

I shouted: "Now is your chance, Jim, finish him."

Delaney, however, called out: "Look out for his right, Jim! Look out for his right!" This stopped Corbett, who in reality had nothing to fear from the now crippled and helpless Sullivan.



JAMES J. CORBETT—1892

CHAPTER XI

THE FALL OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN

INSTEAD of going in and finishing his man, Corbett started a series of feints which took him about ten seconds. Sullivan recovered somewhat in the meantime, but was very weak when he reached his corner.

I again urged Corbett to go in and finish him. Sullivan was all in and couldn't hurt him.

Sullivan came up for the eighth round puffing and weak from loss of blood. He was so weak he could hardly raise his arms.

In spite of this Corbett still pursued his hopping tactics, jumping away from John L.'s rushes and stabbing him occasionally with a straight left.

Sullivan was getting weaker and weaker from

his own exertions, and in the fourteenth round Jim hit him twice on the nose in rapid succession.

It was pitiful to see John's unavailing efforts to raise his guard. Blood was streaming from his nose in torrents, but he was game.

"That was a good one, Jim," he said, speaking for the first time during the fight.

"Here's a better one," Corbett replied savagely, and stepping in close planted several hard blows on John's mouth and jaws.

Although I, of course, wanted to see Corbett win, I felt very sorry for poor John L., for he was in a pitiable condition.

About the sixteenth round Sullivan made a desperate effort to reach Corbett. The latter, however, would skip away like a dancing master. It was more like a game of tag than a fight. Sullivan became furious and rushed at Corbett like a bull, trying to strike him with his body, his arms being so tired he could not lift them. Sullivan ran up against the ropes, which

shook him up fearfully. As he bounded back he caught sight of Corbett and rushed at him again, chasing Jim around the ring. He caught him in a corner and swung his right. Corbett dodged, but was disconcerted; then he side-stepped and John crashed against the ropes again. Then the gong sounded.

It made me mad to see poor John L. floundering around the ring absolutely helpless, and when Corbett returned to his corner I said to him: "What's the matter with you, Jim? Don't you see he's helpless? Why don't you get it over and finish him?"

As Corbett left his corner I said to him:

"He can't hit hard enough to dent a pound of butter."

Poor John must have realized that he couldn't win, for in the next round he rushed at Corbett with his arms down and his chin stuck out, inviting a knockout. He would not quit, but wanted to be knocked out and have the thing over.

During the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth rounds I kept begging Corbett to finish him. He replied: "I will pretty soon," but kept up his dancing and dodging tactics.

In the twenty-first round, however, he rushed as soon as the gong rang. He met Sullivan in the latter's corner, where he stood flat-footed, too weak to raise his guard. Corbett feinted and swung his right to Sullivan's jaw. John fell to his knees, but with a determined effort slowly raised himself to his feet. Crash! went Corbett's right and left against his jaw. Sullivan fell forward, his face and chest hitting the floor. He made an effort to rise. It was useless.

John L. rolled over on his right side and was counted out.

The house was as still as death.

John L. Sullivan, the people's idol, had been beaten.

Charley Johnson, Jack McAuliffe and the other seconds picked up poor Sullivan and car-

ried him to his corner. There they put him down on the small, yellow kitchen chair he had sat in between the rounds. John was gone—not knocked out, but so exhausted that he could neither move nor think. As the seconds worked over him with ammonia at his nostrils and pieces of ice on his head and at the back of his neck he began to come back a little. The moment life stirred in him he tried to get up on his feet. Johnson and McAuliffe pushed him back, fearing that he was trying to attack Corbett. But John could not be stopped. He was hardly more than half conscious when he made a great effort. I can see him now, his eyes dazed and half closed, throwing back two or three strong men with one sweep of his big right arm. Then he got up and stood for a moment swaying from side to side. He paid no attention to Corbett. There was something else on his mind. Dazed as he was by the punishment he had undergone, there was still one idea that he had to express. His knees bent under

him as he tottered across the battlefield. On he went until he stumbled against the ropes on the other side. He raised his left hand and ran it along the top rope until it struck a post. He patted the post a few times, then held up his right hand. The cheering and applauding stopped instantly. The house was as still as the stars shining down on us from the black sky.

“Gentlemen,” said Sullivan, his voice still thick and weak, “gentlemen, I have nothing at all to say. All I have to say is that I came into the ring once too often—and if I had to get licked I’m glad I was licked by an American. I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan.”

There was many a good, strong man with tears in his eyes as those simple words were uttered. Here was the man who had stood for twelve years the acknowledged physical king of the human race. In one brief battle his kingdom was swept away from him, but he took his

defeat like a man. There was no whining, no excuse, no begging for another chance.

In defeat as well as in the hour of triumph, John L. stood head and shoulders above all the rest. He was on the level when he was up and he was on the level when he was down. It will be many years before another champion stands as close to the hearts of the people as did honest, brave John L. Sullivan.

Before the fight began a reporter for the New York *Herald* read a cablegram from Charley Mitchell, challenging the winner for the championship of the world.

The championship of the world! Few people realize the meaning of that title.

It means that the holder stands as the acknowledged physical superior of any living man; an acknowledgment granted to the holder of no other title.

After this incident Corbett and his party returned to the dressing-room, locking the door to keep out the crowd of people who wanted to get in to congratulate Jim.

There was a great commotion outside, and though we heard some one pounding on the door, we paid no attention.

Suddenly a head appeared through the transom. It was Bob Fitzsimmons, who was at that time middleweight champion.

Sticking his arm through the transom he held out a telegram, singing out as though he were the bearer of good news to Corbett: "Jim, Jim, here's a telegram from home."

Corbett looked up, and seeing who it was said to me: "Take the message from him, Mike. I wouldn't speak to that sucker."

Fitzsimmons overheard the remark and looked savagely at Corbett, dropped the message on the floor and disappeared.

I rebuked Corbett, saying: "You should be so grateful to-night for your victory that you should make friends with every one, even Sullivan," and added that Fitzsimmons was a dangerous enemy.

He said: "I didn't mean it, Mike; but I don't like him."

I told him he ought to apologize, but he never did.

After leaving the scene of the fight we went to the Southern Athletic Club, where we were entertained by Mr. Walmsley for an hour or two.

Fitzsimmons left the Olympic Club with James Kendrick.

He spoke about the incident of the telegram, saying, with tears in his eyes, that he would lick Corbett if it took him a lifetime.

True enough he did, for on St. Patrick's Day, 1897, Jim Corbett lost the championship of the world to Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nevada, after fourteen rounds of hard fighting.

I spent the night and next day with Mr. Kendrick, and early the following morning I left for New York with Corbett and his party.

On the way back I was sitting beside Corbett in the sleeper and he said to me: "Mike, I am going to send \$5,000 home to my folks as soon as I get back to New York. That will enable them to pay off a mortgage."

I told him that was the right thing to do and advised him to consult Mr. Kearney about investing some money in Bronx real estate, telling him that our friend was well informed as to conditions there.

Our talk drifted to fighting and I asked him what he was going to do about Mitchell's challenge. He replied that he had not made up his mind. I said: "Well, Jackson is here and you know better than I can tell you what he is. Joe Goddard told me he was going after you. He is a hard nut to crack. Mitchell is only a middleweight at best and not as good as he was. You'd better take him on first."

Billy Brady came into the compartment just then and Jim said: "Billy, we have been talking about what's best to do, and Mike thinks I'd better take Mitchell on next."

"No, no," said Brady, "don't make any matches now. You want to go on the road and make some money."

"Why can't I go on the road after the match is made?" Corbett demanded.

Brady remonstrated with him and they got to arguing the matter, and I left, saying as I did so to Corbett: "Jim, you are the only one in this party I have any interest in. That is my advice to you, and I have never yet given you bad advice."

Corbett gave a show in Birmingham, Alabama, to a crowded house. The next morning we started for Atlanta, and about fifteen miles out of Birmingham we stopped and had some pictures taken which the railroad company used for advertising purposes, hauling us free in return.

Corbett received an ovation at Atlanta, fully ten thousand people being at the station to meet him.

As I was sending a telegram to my wife, describing Corbett's reception, a man came up and, looking at me, said: "Here he is now," and turning to Colonel John Y. Blake, afterward one of the Boer War heroes, said: "Here is the man who licked Sullivan."

I thought he had made a mistake and turned to him, saying: "No, Jim Corbett licked Sullivan."

"Oh, I know you, Mike," he said. "You made him do it."

These gentlemen invited me to lunch, and after we had finished, asked me what I wanted to see.

I replied that I would like to go out to the old battleground and see the spot where General McPherson was killed. They were agreeable, and we took a car out there. The gentleman who had first addressed me and whose name I have forgotten, told us some very amusing stories of "Tennessee" Jackson, the Confederate cavalry leader. One of his stories was about the capture of a Union paymaster who had in his possession two haversacks full of greenbacks, amounting to over \$200,000, he being then on his way to pay the troops. He said they paid no attention to the greenbacks, as they thought when the war was over the Union cur-

rency would be worthless. How they could believe they were going to win after Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg is more than I can understand, but they did up to the very last.

However, an Irish private in Jackson's brigade kept the money and carried it with him all through the campaign in spite of the jibes and jeers of his comrades.

As every one knows, Sherman burned Atlanta as a military necessity on his way to the sea.

When the war was over the then wealthy Irishman went to Memphis, where he fitted up a wagon train with supplies of every description and drove it by slow stages to Atlanta, a distance of over four hundred and fifty miles. When he arrived there he opened a store in a big oblong shanty and gave credit to his old comrades and to all of the responsible people in the vicinity. He furnished them with food, farming implements, mules, and in fact everything necessary for them to start life anew.

In the end all of these men repaid him, and he died a wealthy man.

From Atlanta we went to Charlotte, North Carolina, reaching there about nine o'clock in the evening. There were hundreds of people on the station platform calling for Corbett. When Corbett appeared on the back platform of our car they cheered him and then called for Brady, booing and hissing as they did so.

Four gentlemen joined us at Charlotte. One of them, whom I had met before, said to me: "Professor, if it had not been for the respect we have for you and Corbett we would have tarred and feathered Brady for the story he circulated about our minister, who is one of the finest men in our town."

When we reached Washington we drove around the city, Corbett never having seen the capital before.

From there we went to New York.

This trip ended my connection with Jim Corbett.

Corbett showed no gratitude for what I had done for him and afterward treated me in a very shabby manner.



I was so worn out after my return that I found it necessary to take a long rest, and I made up my mind to never again have anything to do with a prize fight.

CHAPTER XII

SULLIVAN'S SOUND SENSE

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was great in many ways. He had excellent common sense, and he was not deceived by the flattery of the crowd of hangers-on that swarmed around him half so much as they thought he was. You will find proof of that in the following incident when you come to the end.

It happened after the battle with Corbett at New Orleans, and John had returned to New York, physically sore from the beating he had received, but suffering much greater distress from the realization that his power had gone from him, never to return. The thousands of admirers of the Big Fellow in New York gave him a benefit at the Madison Square Garden, the

scene of so many of his former triumphs. The wind-up was to be an exhibition bout of three rounds between Sullivan and his late adversary, for Corbett volunteered his services, not only with generosity but with excellent judgment. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of Americans were sore on him because he had beaten the old champion, and the surest way to gain popular favor was to show a kindly interest in the monarch he had toppled off the throne.

The Garden was crowded. Through the thick veil of tobacco smoke that rolled and swung near the roof you could see that every seat in the galleries was filled and that men and youths were standing away back of the seats near the rafters, where they would be able to barely make out the figures in the ring far below. The balconies and boxes were filled and overflowing, and the floor of the amphitheater was black with a throng, tightly wedged in, elbow to elbow, of men who came to have their first look at the California wonder in action, no less to

testify their admiration for the only John L.

Perhaps I have said so before, but if I have, there is no no harm in saying again that the American people have never lost and will never lose their admiration and affection for Sullivan. He was not only the most marvelous fighting machine the world had ever seen, but he was fearless and honest, always on the level. That will never be forgotten of him.

When the wind-up was announced Jim Corbett bounded up the steps and through the ropes, tall, slender, elegant, a picture of graceful ferocity, and there was loud applause. The announcer introduced him as champion of the world. There was louder applause and more of it. Then there began a stir at the edge of the arena as John L., followed by his attendants, slowly pushed his way through the crush. What must have been his feelings as he came down from his dressing-room and faced those thousands who had never before seen him in defeat! I don't believe that Napoleon, when they sent

him away to die on a lonely little island, ever suffered a keener pang than John L. Sullivan experienced during those moments. For twelve years he had stood alone, the fighting king of all mankind. Now he must come forward as a mere defeated fighting man, stripped of all his glory, and, worse yet, appear in the company of the man who had beaten him. But he never flinched. The honest pride that had carried him to the front still stood by him in his hour of sorrow. The deep frown on that rugged forehead showed that he was suffering, but he held his head high, and his walk was as jaunty as ever.

When Sullivan slowly climbed through the ropes a roar of cheering, handclapping, stamping and wild yelling swept through the house. John looked up and around him as if he was dazed. What? All this enthusiasm for a beaten man? Had he still as many friends as this? Was it possible? There it was, sure enough, and it went on steadily as if it never was going

to stop. The announcer had no need to introduce John L. to that crowd. And he couldn't if he tried, for the roar of welcome and kindly feeling was still as deep and loud as the roar of the sea on a rocky shore. After many minutes, as it seemed to me, the noise began to die away somewhat and then thousands of men began to shout: "Sullivan!" "Speech!" "Speech!" "Sullivan!"

The Big Fellow gloomily shook his head, and walked back into his corner. There he stood, looking down at the floor, very much depressed and determined not to speak. I doubt whether he could have said a word at that moment, for his heart must have been up in his throat. A couple of friends urged him to say a few words. He still refused. They begged him. Finally he consented. And all this time the applause and yells of "Speech!" "Speech, John L.!" were thundering away at him. As he walked to the center of the ring the cheering was louder than ever. The crowd were determined to force a speech from their old hero.

Sullivan raised his head and stuck his big right arm up in the air. There it was, the terrible right that had smashed many hundreds of men into unconsciousness, but now would fight no more. The powerful right fist, in its eight-ounce glove, looked as big as a football. The moment the arm shot up the crowd stopped shouting. The silence was so sudden that it was painful. The house couldn't have been quieter if that terrible right had landed upon every man in it. I'll bet no one breathed, they were all so eager to hear what he would say.

The silence was broken by a sound from the very top gallery. The voice was old and sad and quavering a little, but very clear and sincere. Just from hearing it I could see in my mind the owner of that voice—a dry, little old man from the County Kerry. What he said was:

“God bless you, John!”

Just an old man's blessing, long-drawn, thin and shaky, but any one that didn't say amen to it was no man at all.

Next day, when they were giving John L. his benefit money up at Wakeley's, he was buying champagne for all the people around him, the same as if he were still the king. A lot of flatterers were at his elbow, telling him: "John, you're as good as ever you were!" "John, you showed Corbett up last night!" and "John, you go and train awhile, and you'll lick that fellow sure!"

"Hold on, there!" Sullivan interrupted. "Do you remember last night when I held up my hand and stopped the cheering?"

"Yes."

"And then when it was quiet some old fellow up in the gallery said: 'God bless you, John!'"

"Yes."

"Well, *that* so-and-so was on the level," John growled in his deep, rumbling voice. The flatterers quit.

Corbett took my advice and made a match with Mitchell, whom he beat easily in three rounds at the Fair Grounds just outside of Jacksonville, Florida, in January, 1904.

Shortly after this I went to England, where I stayed several days and then went to Ireland. I stayed there quite a while, enjoying myself very much. Ireland impressed me as an enchanted land. The beauty and the gentle kindness of the people. Yet the country made me sad; it was so poor and the people seemed so unable to help themselves.

It is useless for me to try to describe my impressions of Ireland here, but the following little incident impressed me:

While I was walking through the Gap of Dunloe I came to a man standing in front of his cottage. He had a little table in front of his door with several bottles of porter on it.

"Will you have a bottle of porter, sir?" he said to me.

"I'm not drinking," I replied, "but here's a shilling."

I got into conversation with him, and looking into the cottage, saw a turf fire, the first I'd ever seen, burning inside.

I said to him: "Would you mind my going inside and looking at that turf fire? I've never been inside an Irish cottage."

"*Cead mille failthe*" (a hundred thousand welcomes), he replied in Gaelic.

I entered. The cottage consisted of two small rooms with dirt floors. The sole furniture consisted of a little table, a crude sideboard and three rough wooden benches. Their beds were bunks, one above the other. The poverty of the place depressed me and I went outside quickly.

There were two little fellows inside, who reminded me of my own children.

I stopped and talked quite a while with the man, who told me his name was Moriarty. I asked him why he didn't go to America, telling him that any man who went there and was sober and industrious could earn more than enough to support himself and furnish his children with an education.

"Oh, sir!" he replied, "I hate to leave the

spot were I was born. My great-grandfather built this cottage and my grandfather, my father, myself and my children were born here."

Is it not wonderful that the Irish love their country, though they have owned little of it until lately?

I left after giving the children a shilling apiece and continued my walk.

I went back to London and from there I took an excursion into France. A few days later I sailed for America.

Some time after I returned I was asked by Arthur Brisbane, an editor of the *New York World*, to go to Coney Island, where Fitzsimmons was training for his fight with Corbett, and have some pictures taken with him for the paper.

Mr. Brisbane and I went over to Fitz's training quarters together. After we had posed for the pictures Fitz said to me: "Let's go up into the loft and have a set-to for Mr. Brisbane."

We put on the gloves and after we had sparred a few moments I shifted and struck Fitz a left swing on the short ribs.

"That's a good one, Mike," he said.

"Fitz," I said, "that's the punch to beat Corbett with. Don't mind his head. Punch him in the body."

I again demonstrated the shift to him which I had shown him first a couple of years ago at the New York Athletic Club.

To execute the shift a man should feint with his right for the head, throwing the right foot forward. When your opponent raises his guard shift your feet, that is, throw your left foot forward, and swing or hit straight for the body with your left.

Charley White, who was training Fitzsimmons, said to him: "That's right, Bob, take his advice. He knows."

While Fitz was being rubbed down I was interviewed by Mr. Brisbane, and I predicted Corbett's defeat.

Fitzsimmons practiced the shift constantly until he had mastered it, and it stood him in good stead at Carson City against Corbett.

This was my last bit of advice to a fighter.

CHAPTER XIII

MY FIGHT WITH DEMPSEY

I WILL now go back a few years and describe my fight with Jack Dempsey, which occurred at Williamsburg, Brooklyn, in November, 1888.

I was then 41 years old and Dempsey was then the middleweight champion and known universally as the "Nonpareil." He was then 27 years old.

A pupil of mine, Johnny Reagan, who fought Dempsey, accidentally spiked him, although Jack beat him.

Dempsey blamed me for this, when, as a matter of fact, I had urged Reagan to have the spikes filed off, knowing they would do him far more harm than good.

I sent Billy Madden, Dempsey's second, to Jack and asked him to delay the fight until we could have the spikes filed off. He said he

didn't care anything about the spikes and insisted that we go on. This matter led to hard feelings between Dempsey and myself.

I went into the Hoffman House one night and met a crowd of acquaintances, several of them brokers and followers of boxing. I sat at their table and they got to talking about Dempsey. Finally one of them spoke up, saying: "Why don't you fight Dempsey, Mike?"

"What's the use of talking that way?" I said. "I've retired now. I've been out of the ring for years. I've got a good position in the club at a big salary and I'm satisfied. I don't want to have anything more to do with fighters or fighting."

The same man said: "Are you afraid?"

I jumped up and said: "Afraid! I'm afraid of no man living. What do you mean?"

This incident caused a lot of bad talk to be carried back and forth which widened the breach between Dempsey and me.

A report of the matter got into the papers, and finally things got to the point where I felt it

was up to me to fight Dempsey to prove to people that I was not afraid.

A newspaper man went to Dempsey and told him I was willing to fight him.

“What!” said Dempsey, “that old-timer? I’ll lick him with a punch.”

This remark of Dempsey’s was published. I replied to this, saying I would make Dempsey regret what he had said to the last day of his life.

I drew up articles of agreement and sent them to Dempsey for his signature by Ned Mallahan, and later by Dennis Butler, my brother-in-law.

They were unable to locate Dempsey for a month, during which time he was undergoing a hard course of training at Far Rockaway.

During this time I was doing my best to build myself up, walking in Central Park with my children, eating and sleeping all I could and taking a long sun bath every afternoon.

Three of my children were sick, and I had to be up a good deal at night, helping my wife take care of them.

About two weeks before the fight I sprained my left shoulder boxing with a pupil. I was also beginning to show the effects of my loss of sleep, and several pupils finally prevailed on me to apply for a vacation. I did and it was granted without question.

The fight occurred two weeks later.

I quote here the New York *Herald's* description of the affair:

DEMPSEY ONLY DRAWS IN THE SIX- ROUND BATTLE WITH DONOVAN

SCIENCE AND HARD BLOWS

*The "Professor" Surprises His Friends and
the "Nonpareil" as Well*

A GOOD OLD MAN

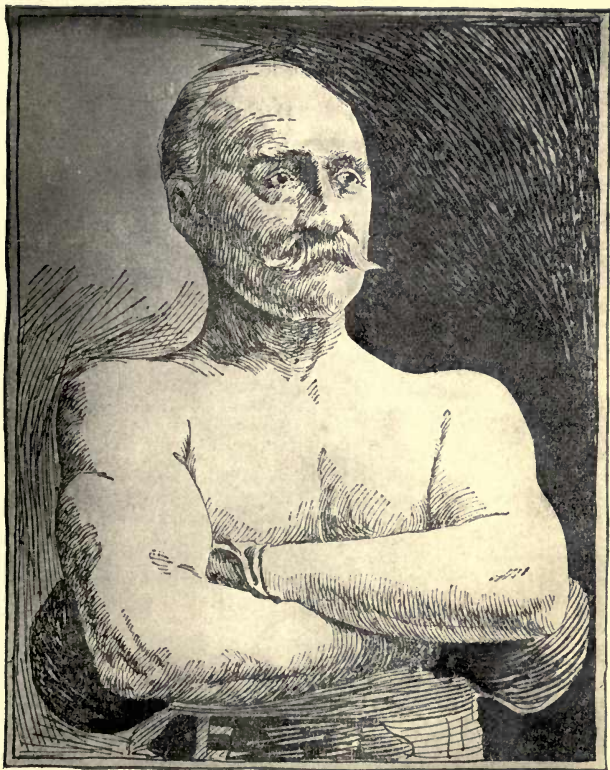
The Palace Rink in Williamsburg, near the Grand Street ferry, was a scene of uproar last

night. It was a meeting of the pugilists, Mike Donovan and Jack Dempsey, in the trifling matter of six rounds, Queensberry rules.

The sporting world had been excited for weeks because of this announced encounter. Donovan, once the champion middleweight of America, felt aggrieved, it is said, because of the rapidly growing popularity of Dempsey, added to which the story runs that the latter on one or two occasions treated the former in a very indifferent, if not supercilious, way. The blood of the Donovans couldn't stand that, and hence after many interviews it was arranged that there should be a public meeting between them in the style already noted.

WHAT THEY BATTLED FOR

The conditions agreed upon were that Dempsey should receive sixty-five per cent., win, lose



MIKE DONOVAN WHEN HE FOUGHT JACK DEMPSEY

or draw, and Donovan thirty-five per cent. Dempsey, under the circumstances, stood in lucky shoes.

The Palace Rink is an ancient skating hall. The stage is at the upper end, and the ring was fully twenty-eight feet square—large enough for any pugilists. The place was filled with clubmen, amateur and professional boxers. The galleries, too, though not very commodious, were packed to suffocation. It was an old-time gathering—an out-and-out company of good judges of pugilism, and withal prejudiced one way or the other. There were fully twenty-five hundred people in the assemblage, all of whom paid \$1 or \$3, according to the position of the seats.

PROMINENT PATRONS

Brooklyn City Accountant William Brown, Philip Dwyer, Brooklyn's Corporation Counsel William C. DeWitt, Denny Costigan, Joe El-

lingsworth, Mike Cleary, Justice Schelein, Charles Primrose, Mike Gladwin, Jimmy O'Neill, Ike Weir, "Soap" McAlpine, George Engemann, Jack Hopper, Billy Edwards, Joe Coburn, Pat Sheedy, Frank Banham, Phil Lynch, Jim Wakely, William Lakeland, Charley Johnson, Dick Roche, "Dick the Rat," William Renn and clubmen galore. It was a mixed assemblage, but then everything goes at a boxing match of this character.

There was much to interest the stranger to such scenes. The "Spider" at one time was showing his arm, and now and then Joe Coburn was shouting: "They are all right." Then Coburn descended from the gallery and worked his way to the stage, where he remained, as did Bob Smith, Jack Hopper and other scrappers, old and young.

PRELIMINARY HITS AND MISSES

Like all competitions of the kind there were

preliminary set-tos, but they were only borne with because it took up the time leading to the grand clash. Billy Hart and Frank Boyd were the first and did fairly well. Frank Crysler and Fred. Chandler followed, teacher and pupil James Carroll and Ed. Connors tried hard and pleased all hands. And then J. Shay and Jack Boylan amused the big crowd with some clever work.

At last the approach of the roast beef, but after a long, long wait until the goodly company at the feast became very impatient. Cat-calls, snatches of the late campaign songs, thumping the floor in one-two-three order with deafening noise.

SOME SHORT SPEECHES

Denny Butler came on the stage, wiped his mouth, and shouted: "Gents—I am requested to ask you by both contests to stop smoking. Both contests will be much obleeged to you if you do."

And Denny retired, followed by shouts of derision.

Mr. Jack DeMott then entertained the audience with a lecture on athletics. He "believed it developed human nature"—whatever that meant—"and athletic exercise was the greatest thing in the world for that audience and their progeny," whereupon some of the boys made a great deal of noise and there was a mighty shout when the speaker threw two or three chunks of Latin at them. He retired, assuring all hands that there was no animosity between Dempsey and Donovan. "They're all right!" yelled a score and Mr. DeMott waved his hands.

FIXING FOR THE FRAY

The wait was very annoying. It was all about the referee. Pat Sheedy was asked, but refused. Dick Roche was besought, but wouldn't have it. Billy Edwards declined. James Wakely likewise. Then, as if to appease the clamor of the

thousands, the men came upon the stage at ten minutes of eleven o'clock in fighting rig, stripped to the waist, but with overcoats covering their shoulders. Butler and Tom Lees were Donovan's seconds, and Gus Tuthill and Dennis Costigan appeared for Dempsey. The timekeeper for the latter was Ed. Plummer, and Pete Donohue acted in like capacity for Donovan. Jerry Donovan, the brother of Mike, was also in the latter's corner. Finally both men walked to the ropes and requested Billy O'Brien to act as referee, and he finally consented. So with four-ounce gloves, a yell of defiance from Dempsey's friends and a thundering shout of encouragement from Donovan's admirers, the men were ready.

THE BATTLE

First Round.—They shook hands, and the house again trembled with applause. Then, retiring to their corners, "time" was called

and the fight began. With one glance at his opponent Donovan sent out his left at the head, but Jack stopped it prettily. Again he essayed it, and this time it reached the mark. Jack was surprised, and the surprise continued as Donovan went at him left and right and reached face and head before ceasing. Dempsey thought matters should be squared, and sent his left on Donovan's stomach, which gave Jack's friends a chance to yell. Mike was short with the left and Jack got to the other's chin. Once more Donovan fought the mark with his left over the eye, which Jack endeavored to square with a vicious thrust, but it was stopped, and Donovan's left was on the pit of Jack's stomach with force, and the round was over, Donovan having much the best of it.

Second Round.—Both quick to the scratch, and Dempsey retreating, he was followed by Donovan, who got rapped for his temerity. Mike essayed his right in return and missed. Dempsey looked mischievous and managed to

land on Mike's head, and missed with a swinging right. The applause was deafening. Donovan then went at Jack with determination, and smashing him full in the face Dempsey slipped away, but Donovan pursued, and upon Jack's turning he was compelled to do his best to escape right and left sent at his head. From this on Dempsey fought with coolness and judgment, but the round ended with Donovan still in the lead, which was surprising to all of Dempsey's friends.

Third Round.—At work, without a second's delay, Dempsey sent out a vicious left, but it was splendidly stopped. He was short with the right and so was Mike with the same. Sharp exchanges followed, both on the stomach, and Dempsey on Mike's neck, a very sharp rap. The remainder of the round was slightly in favor of Dempsey, but so trifling that it is not worth speaking of.

Fourth Round.—Donovan the fresher. Stops were made by both, but Mike was first to land,

reaching Jack's stomach. The latter swung his right, but Donovan caught it on the back of his head by ducking. He deserved the applause he received. The response was clever and was full in Dempsey's face. Mike received a rib roaster which he didn't like, but he soon got even by two raps on the side of his opponent's head. An uppercut with his right was attempted by Dempsey, but the old man was too wary and got out of range. Lucky again. To the end of this round there was much science shown and the stopping was of the most scientific order. Time was called with Donovan's left on Dempsey's breast.

Fifth Round.—The house was intensely excited. The boys on the rafters came near tumbling down on the audience below in the excess of their joy. They make fighters in that part of Brooklyn. Both men jumped up with alacrity and without hesitation renewed hostilities. Bang! went Donovan's left on the other's stomach, to which came a return from Jack that

was on mischief bent, both left and right being used. Again Jack got on Donovan's face, and with a right-hander tried the knocking-out game, but failed. Donovan rallied splendidly, and to the end of the round delivered effective blows and had a decided lead on points on Jack. A great surprise, but a fact, the round ended with Mike's left on Dempsey's body.

Sixth and Last Round.—Both quick to move, and neither the advantage of the other in wind. Donovan was first to lead, as he had so often done, but it was short. He stopped a wicked left of Dempsey's in return when sharp-eyed Donovan discovered blood on Jack's mouth and claimed "first blood," which was allowed. He got on Mike's face with his left, missed a wicked one with his right and reached Mike's neck, though not heavily. Then the old man sent hot shot into Dempsey's body and face, and with terrific exchanges, amid the demoniac yells of lookers-on, time was called and the battle was over. The referee called it a draw, claiming it

was one of the grandest battles he ever saw—and he's an old-timer—but two-thirds of the audience and many of the fighters present claimed Donovan was the winner.

One of Dempsey's bets on the result was, it is said, that he would knock Donovan out in the second round.

He lost that wager 'way off.

CHAPTER XIV

A WORD TO THE FIGHTING BOYS OF THE PRESENT DAY

Boys, you ought to appreciate the great advantage you have over the old-timers who used to fight with the bare knuckles. You get large purses because of the liberal patronage of the public and the great increase of wealth in the country. You only fight a limited number of rounds, therefore you know your stopping-place. You fight in comfortable club-houses, with a nice dressing-room to get a good rub-down to promote good circulation. You fight on a padded stage, where there is no danger of injury if you should fall or slip. You have bandages on your hands to save them from breaking, besides a well-fitting glove with a grip at

the tips of your fingers to enable you to get a good hold which makes the hands firm, thereby enabling you to hit hard without the great risk of hurting your hands. If defeated, you get a good sum to compensate you for your trouble and defeat. The old-timers got nothing. A stake of \$1,000 a side could be obtained only by champions.

Now, let me picture the other side, as it is well to know both. I cannot do better than to describe a fight I had with the bare knuckles on a cold, stormy day. I was just 21. My opponent, John Boyne, was about 27. We had to ride in uncomfortable cars about 75 miles. When we arrived at the battle ground, we left the cars to wade through snow-drifts to a farmhouse. The wind was blowing pretty briskly, and when I arrived at the house, I need not say that I was very cold.

The very thought that I would have to fight in that snow and cold wind on the frozen ground gave me the shivers, but

it had to be done. The farmer made us as comfortable as it was possible to do in a two-room log cabin. I had never met my opponent before. I had my legs stretched out at the fireplace, and a man sat next to me, doing the same. He said to me: "Say, kid, which of those fellows is Donovan? Is that him over there?" pointing to a big fellow.

"No," said I; "I am Donovan."

"You!" he cried, and jumped up with surprise. "Why, you are only a kid."

"That may be," I said, "but I can lick you all right," though I was not so sure on that point.

Really, when I saw and heard him I was more afraid of the cold weather than I was of him, although he looked like a hard-fisted fellow.

Well, the time came to go to the ring, which was pitched between three ricks of hay. It began to snow pretty hard. Dick Hollowood, then the featherweight champion, well known all over the country, had sent a man a mile to the village

for two bricks to put in the fireplace and heat them so that I could put my feet on them, to keep them warm during the time in the corner. If it was not for this, I don't think I could have stood it. Dick had experience, which served me well. The other fellow wasn't as fortunate as I was in having an experienced man.

Time was called. We met at the scratch with bare fists and stripped to the waist. A shiver ran through me. We began to fiddle for an opening. I think to this day that the first blow I struck him won that fight, although the fight was 33 rounds, lasting fifty minutes. Hollowood advised me to keep stabbing him with my left when he came for me. I did as I was told. He rushed; I stabbed, catching him full on the nose. He clinched for the fall and I threw him. I might say that I was fighting with Hollowood's head instead of my own. My head was a weather head just then. I never forgot the cold, but kept following my second's advice, which enabled me

to keep the lead. Now let me tell the gentle reader that I did not get off scot-free from the only knock-down in the fight. It was your humble servant who dropped as the fight progressed.

I was getting colder. I did not want to give it away to the other fellow that the cold bothered me, but I could not stand the numbness of my hands any longer. They were like paralyzed hands, with no feeling in them. I picked up the bricks and held them in my hands to warm them, but the bricks had become cold; so I stood in my corner after time was called and slapped my hands vigorously, the tips of my fingers against my body, to get up circulation. To my great surprise and pleasure my opponent followed my example. His seconds urged him, saying: "Now, John, here is your chance while the kid is cold." But John by that time had learned to respect the "kid," and was no more anxious to hurry matters than I was. We met, however, and clinched for the fall, which I usually gained, as I was quite a good wrestler. After this he

and I would stand within five feet of each other and give our hands a vigorous slapping. The crowd laughed at the picture we presented.

Well, the thirty-third and last round came and we began with another good hand-slapping. When I felt the blood tingling down in the tips of my fingers I led out for him, catching him just over the eye, cutting it slightly. He rushed, and I ducked to avoid him, as I had been advised by Hollowood, to keep him on his legs and make the rounds as long as possible, as he saw signs of Boyne's legs weakening. I had no trouble this way. It was only the cold that bothered me. As I ducked, he swung his arm around, catching me around the neck (chancery). I tried to jerk out of the hold, but he hung on with a grip of death, and I could not break his hold. My seconds were giving me all kinds of advice about how to break, and I was trying to follow it. He was hurting and choking me. I became desperate, put my two hands above his thighs, at the same time lifting him with the power of my

neck and back, raising his legs high up in the air, throwing him clear over my head. He held on to his hold, bringing me with him. He fell heavily on the back of his head which knocked him out completely. I sustained a terrible shock which almost knocked me out.

I was carried to my corner more dead than alive. The fall upset my stomach so that I had a terrible spell of retching. As time was called I walked to the scratch, with my head bent away forward, still retching, when I saw his seconds throw up the sponge, in token of defeat. I need not say that I could not have fought another lick if I received a million for it; but I won and was happy. I was quite sick for an hour or so. My opponent came to in a few minutes, and he felt squeamish too. We shook hands in the farmhouse, and he said: "You are a good kid, and will be champion some day." I thanked him for the compliment. He went away, and I went with my party to Indianapolis. I resolved then and there never to fight again on a winter's day.

My right ear was frozen and my body black and blue from the slapping I gave it in trying to warm my hands.

Now, let the boys of to-day compare the conditions and see who deserve the most credit. I think that most of them will be honest enough to admit that we old-timers knew how to fight too, and must have been clever as well. I don't mean to say but that some of the fighters of the present day would not do just as we did, for I believe men are just as game to-day as they ever were, and as good, too—but no better. Character averages about the same from one generation to another.

CHAPTER XV

MODERN FIGHTERS

IN closing I think it would be well for me to give an opinion in regard to the most prominent modern boxers.

John L. Sullivan revolutionized fighting.

He was the first man to adopt the method of rushing at his opponent to destroy him from the moment time was called.

Often John L. has said to me: "What's the use of all this cleverness? Go at your man and beat him. I can lick any man that was ever born of woman." That is how he won all of his battles on the turf with bare hands. Sullivan won the championship of America from Paddy Ryan in this way. He also held the supremacy with the gloves.

James J. Corbett was a wonderful boxer, clever and speedy, and possessed great endurance. He was never a rugged man, but a fine type of the gymnasium athlete.

Robert Fitzsimmons was the hardest hitter of his weight, not more than one hundred and sixty-five, that I ever saw. This was due to his tremendous shoulders, back and arms. Mounted on a pair of long, thin legs, he had the bone and sinew of a heavy-weight man. He was courageous, crafty and a great student.

Tom Sharkey was more of the old-time fighting man than any other of the modern boxers. He would have made a good man in the days of bare knuckles. The best summary I can give of him is to say that in his fight with Jeffries, who outweighed him thirty pounds and stood five and one-half inches over him, he was the aggressor from start to finish, in spite of the fact that his left shoulder was sprained in the fourteenth round and that the ribs on his left side were beaten in. He gave Jeffries the hardest

fight of his career. He had a hard, accurate punch and was always an honest, sturdy fighter. Jeffries is a splendid fighting machine; of tremendous bulk and strength and rugged character, to which he has added a great deal of cleverness under good instructors. Jeffries is the largest man who ever held the championship. He weighed over two hundred and thirty pounds when he beat Corbett the second time, and more wonderful yet, outboxed him.

Of all the fighters of recent times the only one who compares, in my opinion, with John L. Sullivan as a natural fighting genius who battled from the love of combat, using only instinctive methods to destroy his enemy, was little Terry McGovern.

But among all the fighting men I have ever seen or heard about John L. Sullivan stands alone. He scorned to study the methods or copy the style of any one. He had a natural genius for fighting. He never stepped back. At the moment time was called he leaped at his antag-

onist like a tiger, and never ceased smashing until the enemy fell senseless. He cared nothing for cleverness, but overwhelmed his foe with his terrific speed, power and dominant spirit. Other men have been students of the game, courageous, keen, crafty, strong, enduring.

There was one greatest fighting man—John L. Sullivan, the noblest Roman of them all.

THE END



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